PRICE 50 CENTS

General John Bidwell

· · AND · ·

Dr. James B. Cranfill

BY EDGAR F. HOWE

REDLANDS, CAL.
THE FACTS
1892

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

—OF—

GENERAL JOHN BIDWELL

Prohibition Nominee for President

—AND—

DR. JAMES B. CRANFILL

Prohibition Nominee for Vice-President

—WITH—

NOMINATING SPEECHES, NATIONAL PLATFORM, AND BIDWELL'S LETTER OF ACCEPTANCE

2510
.B57

By EDGAR F. HOWE

REDLANDS, CAL.
THE FACTS
1892.

JK2383
1892

Right in line with Abraham Lincoln and with all the great and good
Who have scaled the peaks of progress, beck'ning to the brotherhood,
We will seek God's California, and some day we'll enter in,
For we're going to cross the Rockies of intemperance and sin.

Bidwell! Bidwell! grand and tall,
He's the man to lead us all;
We will seek our California and our hosts will enter in;
We are going to cross the Rockies of intemperance and sin.

—Rev. P. J. Bull.

H.S. Jan. 8, 1892

GENERAL JOHN BIDWELL.

It is with no apology we write of that patriarch who, in this year of 1892, is acknowledged to be the presidential choice of as many voters as in the memorable days of King Caucus rallied under the leadership of Jackson, Calhoun, Crawford and Clay. Conservative calculation enables us to predict that more votes will be cast for General Bidwell in this political year of grace than were cast for all the candidates for the Presidency in 1824.

Then what wondrous strides our country has made. The candidate of the Prohibition party is old enough to remember the overthrow of the first great corrupting force in American politics—King Caucus. And we have wondered, judging by his lifelong opposition to all the corrupting machinery of politics if he had not in boyhood caught the spirit of Old Hickory himself. There is in his character so much of the dauntless spirit of Jackson, so much of the chivalry for which the hero of New Orleans was noted, that the comparison of characters is apt. Yet here the similarity ceases. The one possessed an ungovernable temper that marked him as the whirlwind of politics. The other is as gentle in his methods as a woman. One was a blasphemer. The other is a devout Christian. Both spent their lives on the frontier. The one absorbed the ideas of those about him. The other had a moral character so determined that it withstood the tempting environments of a half century on the frontier.

That a man whose memory spans two generations and yet is clear and forcible; whose life dates from that time when the Mississippi was unplowed and almost unknown; whose moral character is unblemished after a half century on the wild, crime-inspiring frontier; whose political integrity, from the days of Mexican rule in California to this year of our Lord, has never been impeached; who has been a pioneer for civilization, for religion, for education, for pure politics—that such a man should be selected as a leader by a company of pioneers blazing the way through the forests of political prejudice, is a most fitting recompense for a life well spent.

The family of General John Bidwell has long resided in New England. His father, Abraham Bidwell, was a native of Connecticut, and his mother, Clarissa Griggs Bidwell, was born in Massachusetts. General Bidwell is a native of Chautauqua county, New York, where he was born August 5, 1819. Following the spirit of the period, his family drifted westward, removing to Erie, Pennsylvania, when he was ten years of age, and thence to western Ohio. Here he lived with his father until 1839, he then being twenty years of age. On the advice of Governor Lucas, however, he decided to go to Iowa and pre-empt a quarter section of land, thinking his father would join him later. He left in the spring of 1839 for Cincinnati, riding most of the distance on a wagon load of farm produce. General Bidwell furnishes a catalogue of his property at that time which contrasts strongly with his present possessions. He says: "My outfit consisted of about $75, the clothes I wore, and a few others in a knapsack which I carried in the usual way strapped to my shoulders, for in those days travelers did not have valises and trunks. Though traveling was considered dangerous I had no weapon more formidable than a pocket knife."

From Cincinnati he went by steamboat to St. Louis, and thence to Burlington in Iowa Territory. Here he undertook to establish a school, and went so far as to build a log school house. But Bidwell's early life seemed to be filled with disappointments. Burlington had but two hundred inhabitants, and the average frontiersman had but little disposition to patronize schools and but little money to enable him to do so. Fever and ague became general, and becoming discouraged at the outlook, Bidwell set his face once more to the frontier, abandoning the house he had built. This time he had Missouri in view, and traveled for days across a sparsely settled district, often without road or trail, frequently traveling twenty miles between houses. At last he reached the Platte Purchase (now Platte County) which had just received heavy immigration.

Writing of this experience long afterwards, General Bidwell says: "On the route I traveled I cannot recall seeing an emigrant wagon in Missouri. The Western movement which subsequently filled Missouri and other Western States and overflowed into the adjoining Territories had then hardly begun, except as to Platte County. The contest in Congress over the Platte Purchase, which, by increasing the area of Missouri, gave more territory to slavery, called wide attention to that charming region. The anti-slavery sentiment, even at that date, ran quite high. This was, I believe, the first addition to slave territory after the Missouri compromise.

But slavery won. The rush that followed in the space of one or two years filled the most desirable part of the purchase to overflowing."

There is a spirit of generosity on the frontier unknown in old communities. We speak especially of that tendency to overlook the quantity of the world's goods possessed by individuals. John Bidwell landed on the shores of the Missouri in that condition expressed by the frontier word more recently nationalized, "broke." His money was gone. Yet he was among a people with whom "going broke" carried no more obloquy than does the act of stubbing his toe in the mind of the small boy. As a matter of fact, America was not pioneered by men of great possessions, and remote in the forests away from conventional knowledge, those hardy pioneers had not then learned that men were supposed to carry their souls in their pocket books.

But on still another line was the generosity of the people notable. Young Bidwell took with him a deep repugnance for slavery. And yet the people among whom he was thrown were slave holders. In that day the border quarrels between Kansas and Missouri, destined eventually to make an important part of American history, were not developed, and his convictions were respected by those who disagreed with him. Speaking of these people in his article in the "Century Magazine" for November, 1890, he says: "The rapid settlement of that new region had brought together people of all classes and conditions, and had thrown into juxtaposition almost every phase of intelligence as well as illiteracy. But there was no lack of self-reliance or native shrewdness in any class, and I must say that I learned to have a high esteem for the people, among whom I found warm and life-long friends." Casting about for an occupation, Bidwell crossed over the border into Kansas and opened a school in June, 1839, he being well qualified both by nature and study for the work.

In the fall surveyors arrived from the East to establish boundary lines, and great confusion was caused, as previously the lands had been appropriated by individuals without system. Under the new arrangement Bidwell acquired a small tract of land, to which he devoted his energies until the summer of 1840. The law required the pre-emptor of land to be twenty-one years of age and to be the head of a family. Bidwell was neither, and a border ruffian took advantage of these facts to "jump" his claim during his absence. In this way he lost all he had gained by a year's work, and once more he was financially stranded.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men, which if taken at its flood

leads on to fortune." When John Bidwell left his Chautauqua County home, when he left the banks of Lake Erie, when he left the Buckeye State, there was no indication that these were but steps upon a career such as few men have ever been permitted to experience. This last disaster was the turning point in his life. He resolved that when spring should open he would again set his face toward new fields.

We will let him relate how his selection of a field was made.

Said he in the article heretofore quoted: "In November or December of 1840, while still teaching school in Platte County, I came across a Frenchman named Rubideaux, who said he had been to California. He had been a trader in New Mexico, and had followed the road traveled by traders from the frontier of Missouri to Santa Fe. He had probably gone through what is now New Mexico and Arizona into California by the Gila River trail used by the Mexicans. His description of California was in the superlative degree favorable, so much so that I resolved, if possible, to see that wonderful land, and with others helped to get up a meeting at Weston and invited him to make a statement before it in regard to the country. At that time when a man moved out West, as soon as he was fairly settled he wanted to move again, and naturally every question imaginable was asked in regard to this wonderful country. Rubideaux described it as one of perennial spring and boundless fertility, and laid stress on the countless thousands of wild horses and cattle. He told about oranges, and hence must have been at Los Angeles, or the mission of San Gabriel, a few miles from it."

It is needless to add that such stories fired the love of adventure in the breasts of the young men, and they proceeded at once to organize a company to explore the promised land, to rendezvous at Sapling Grove, Kansas, on the 9th of May, 1841, all to be armed and equipped to cross the Rocky Mountains to California. Bidwell threw his whole energy into this movement, and soon there were about five hundred people pledged to join the train from Platte County.

In March, however, an account was published in the press adverse to California. The merchants of Platte County, who certainly had cause to regret the prospective removal of five hundred of their patrons, did their utmost to break up the movement, and out of the five hundred who had signed the pledge to go from Platte County, Bidwell was the only one who made his appearance at the rendezvous. He had barely enough money to get his supplies, but at Weston and other points he was joined by

others. A man named Bartleson, from Jackson County, Missouri, was chosen leader because he wouldn't go if he couldn't be captain.

This company, which was destined to become famous as the first to cross the plains and mountains to California, consisted of sixty-nine men, women and children.

At this day it seems absurd that when they were at last ready to start they did not know which way to go. According to their maps, there was somewhere on the great plains a lake three hundred miles in length, and that lake was drained by two mighty rivers, which flowed westward and emptied into the Pacific. That which every school boy would today recognize as a false map was then accepted as a guide. The national boundaries as we know them today contained three distinct subdivisions. Upon the Atlantic Coast was the growing nation. Upon the Pacific Coast was a people possessing a fair type of Spanish civilization, and yet so secluded from the remainder of the world that as little was known of them as of the inhabitants of the Chinese Empire. While Washington was leading the revolt against the tyranny of England, these people were following a pastoral life, undisturbed by any force from without or within their territory. They knew no other duty than to eat and drink, to live and die, and support a domineering priesthood. Their governmental experience consisted of being taxed. They had no further ambition. They had not energy to govern themselves, and when Americans took possession they lacked the force of character which would have prompted any other race of people to prevent submission to foreign power.

Between the civilization of the east and the civilization of the west lay nearly half of our present country wholly unexplored and unknown to the people of either coast. Such was the condition a half a century ago when John Bidwell was rallying the people of Missouri to join him in exploring the far west. And the man who was a voter at that time is still alive and does not rank as extremely old except when we consider the marvelous achievements of his generation.

But the hour had struck for the peopling of California by a more progressive race. In this same year when the band of pioneers were wending their way across the plains there was sent from California to the Sandwich Islands a small quantity of gold, which eventually found its way to Boston. Contrary to popular belief, no less than three men had taken gold from the soil before 1848. It is probable that a hundred Americans had found their way into California to make their homes, going by round-about ways, before the arrival of Bidwell's party, and no force could have restrained

its development many years. Vessels were becoming more common on the Pacific, taken thither by the development of Australia and the Pacific Islands. These Americans consisted of trappers from the Rocky mountains; a few traders who had operated in Mexico and made their way northward; employees of the Hudson Bay Company, who had come southward from Oregon; gangs of horse thieves who made their way across the Mojave desert to prey upon the large droves of stock in Southern California; and the most numerous class of all, deserting sailors, who preferred this wild country to service under overbearing ship-officers. That such a representation should not inspire the native Californians with respect for the nation on the other side of the continent was natural, and yet it is not strange that the forerunners of civilization should be the least civilized of their race.

Thus it was that the Western Emigration Society, which was the name assumed by the party, knew not what route to adopt to reach their destination, and while they waited in indecision they learned of an approaching company of Catholic Missionaries who were making their way to the country of the Flathead Indians under the guidance of an old Rocky mountaineer named Captain Fitzpatrick. The Bidwell party joined these missionaries and in their company crossed the northeastern corner of Kansas, diagonally through what is now Nebraska, westerly through the country we know as Wyoming, into the present Territory of Idaho, where the missionaries branched off to the north. This is practically the route adopted by Fremont a year later and by the Mormons six years later. In view of these facts it was an appropriate title which was conferred upon General Fremont, the Path Finder. He found the path Bidwell's party had made. But the difference between the two parties was that Bidwell's men were very poor and relied upon themselves entirely, it having been said that the party probably did not have $100 in money with them, while Fremont's party had been well fitted out by the government. It was an heroic trip under the best of circumstances. What was it then under the poorest of circumstances?

In the party of missionaries were Father De Smet (in charge), Father Pont, Father Mengarini, and ten or eleven French Canadians, a mountaineer named John Gray, and two men named respectively Romaine and Baker.

Gederal Bidwell's account of his experience is so complete and entertaining that we cannot forego making extensive quotations. He writes:

"Father De Smet had been to the Flathead Nation before. He

had gone out with a trapping party, and on his return had traveled with only a guide by another route, farther to the north and through hostile tribes. He was genial, of fine presence, and one of the saintliest men I have ever known, and I cannot wonder that the Indians were made to believe him divinely protected. He was a man of great kindness and great affability under all circumstances; nothing seemed to disturb his temper. The Canadians had mules and Red River carts, instead of wagons and horses,—two mules to each cart, five or six of them,—and in case of steep hills, they would hitch three or four mules to one cart, always working them tandem. Sometimes a cart would go over, breaking everything in it to pieces; and at such times Father De Smet would be just the same—bearing all with good humor.

"In general, our route lay from near Westport, where Kansas City now is, northwesterly over the prairie, crossing several streams, till we struck the Platte River. Then we followed along the south side of the Platte to and a day's journey or so along the South Fork. Here the features of the country became more bold and interesting. Then crossing the South Fork of the Platte, and following up the north side for a day or so, we went over to the North Fork and camped at Ash Hollow; thence up the north side of that fork, passing those noted landmarks known as the Court House Rocks, Chimney Rock, Scott's Bluffs, etc., till we came to Fort Laramie, a trading post of the American Fur Company, near which was Lupton's Fort, belonging, as I understood, to some rival company. Thence, after several days, we came to another noted landmark, called Independence Rock, on a branch of the North Platte called the Sweetwater, which we followed up to the head, soon after striking the Little Sandy, which empties into the Green River. Next we crossed Green River to Black Fork, at the head of which we crossed the divide between Green and Bear Rivers. Then we followed Bear River down to Soda Springs."

Here it was that the two parties separated, one going to the northward to spread the Gospel, the other to the southwest to participate in the building of a grand commonwealth.

Up to this point the trip had been most pleasant. The colonizers had been freed from much of the responsibility by the careful guides, and there were many interesting and some amusing episodes on the trip. Captain Fitzpatrick and the missionary party led the procession of teams and the colonizers would follow. When there was danger from Indians the procession would keep in compact form. In places it became necessary to construct a road to allow the wagons to pass and there was plenty of work for all. At night

the wagons would be drawn up in the form of a hollow square, thus impounding the animals and furnishing protection in case of attack.

On one occasion a man named Dawson was separated from the party while hunting. About forty Cheyenne Indians appeared and he became so excited that he tore off his clothes and attempted to shoot the Indians without regard to their mission. They were disposed to be friendly, however, and after overpowering him and taking away his pistol, they let him go. He caused a general stampede in the train of inexperienced men by declaring that he had been attacked and robbed by a thousand Indians. It was with difficulty the train was brought into defensive form, and then the guide rode forward and learned the true condition of matters from the Indians, who returned the pistol. From that time on the hunter went by the name of Cheyenne Dawson.

While traveling along the Platte the party fell in with vast herds of buffalos. The Indians had never been wasteful of animal life, and while they retained sole possession of the plains the buffalos had multiplied rapidly and herded together in droves untold miles in length, awaiting the advent of *civilized* man to exterminate their race. The wild man killed only for robes or food, and devoured all the meat. The civilized man killed for sport and to get buffalo tongues to eat. But in that day the buffalos had but slightly diminished in number, and General Bidwell says he saw the plains black with them for several days' journey as far as the eye could reach, and they swam the Platte river in such herds that the water became discolored and was unfit to drink.

The General recounts that one night such a vast herd appeared that to prevent the caravan being trampled into the dust it became necessary to go out some distance and turn the herd by building fires and shooting guns. All night long they heard the procession of bison rushing by and the ground fairly trembled so great was their number.

The pioneers had a view of nature in her most terrible aspect while following the Platte.

A terrific shower came on. A cold wave of air pelted the earth with hail stones, some of which were two inches in diameter, until the ground was covered four inches deep. The presence of this shifting wave of cold air caused a convulsion of the atmosphere and a destroying cyclone raged near them. The pioneers were unused to dealing with the elements in their fury, and when they saw the whirlwind approaching they endeavored to hold the wagons in

place by bracing themselves against them. Fortunatcly the cyclone passed in their rear without damage.

It was not until they neared Green River and the Rocky Mountains that it was found that a number of the emigrants had alcohol concealed in their wagons and John Gray was scnt ahead to find trappers to whom the drink could be sold. He was successful, and the alcohol was diluted and sold under the name of whisky. The trappers, after leaving the caravan, fell in with Indians and a fight ensued and several of the trappers were killed.

We have said that too often the advance guard of civilization is possessed of few of the attributes of the civilization they represent. There has been no better illustration of this fact than the evil wrought by alcoholic stimulants used by early settlers and introduced among the Indians. In fact had the question been submitted to an Indian on thc frontier at any time before the advent of schools and churches what constituted the characteristics of our race, his answer must have been the possession of fire water and fire-arms, the two destructive forces of the age. And had some philosophic wild man of the plains undertaken to draw in his mind a fancy skctch of the people who were crowding his race to the wall, piecing on to thc known facts fancies in harmony with the known, as our naturalists build up a fancied animal from the fragmentary bones of extinct races, he would have seen a more gruesome character than ever eminated from the diseased fancy of a poet, or victim of delirium. In our civilized life, with the evils of intemperance hedged about with a thousand institutions for ennobling mankind, we still see the destructive work of intemperance. But that American citizen does not live who docs not recognize in intemperance an enemy of his civilization, his religion, if he has one, and his moral code, no matter of how "free-minded" a type. But to the Indian fire watcr and fire arms were the symbols of civilization and usually the cymbals as well.

There are certain chemicals that have an affinity for one another. Did not the finding of an affinity in liquor by the Indian demonstrate, on chemical grounds, that liquor drinking is a barbarous adjunct to our civilization? And can barbarity and civilization meet? Yes, like oil and water. One must come to the top. This is the basis of the campaign which calls forth this sketch. It is the belief of General Bidwell that civilization must rise and barbarism fall. The reader may or may not agree with him. But he must take his choice at the polls between civilization and barbarism.

We will suppose that while the reader has been subjected to the

above gratuitous lecture the caravan has been halting at Soda Springs, now in Idaho, deciding their future course. One of the party had been accidentally killed, four had deserted, and there were but sixty-four remaining. Exactly half of them decided to go with the missionaries to the north and find their way down the Snake and Columbia rivers into Oregon, where they arrived safely. The other half, steadfast in their purpose, adhered to their intention to make directly for California, knowing only that it lay to the west.

The party divided with bitter regret. Especially does it seem to have been a trial to separate from the good Father De Smet.

Four men were sent to Fort Hall, fifty miles to the north, to make inquiries regarding their route, and finally returned with instructions to strike out west of Salt Lake, then known only to the trappers, being warned against a waterless country to the south and a series of canyons to the north. Between these two forbidding countries the party must pick their way.

General Bidwell tells an anecdote in the Century that shows the kind of boy he was. He says:

"In company with a man named James John—always called 'Jimmy John'—I wandered a mile or two down the river fishing. Seeing snow on a high mountain to the west we longed to reach it, for the heat where we were was intense. So, without losing time to get our guns or coats, or to give notice at the camp, we started direct for the snow, with the impression that we could go and return by sundown. But there intervened a range of lower mountains, a certain peak of which seemed almost to touch the snow. Both of us were fleet of foot and made haste, but we only gained the summit of the peak about sundown. The distance must have been twelve or fifteen miles. A valley intervened, and the snow lay on a higher mountain beyond. I proposed to camp. But Jimmy gave me a disdainful look, as much as to say, 'You are afraid to go,' and quickened his gait into a run down the mountain toward the snow. I called to him to stop, but he would not even look back. A firm resolve seized me—to overtake him, but not again to ask him to return. We crossed the valley in the night, saw many Indian camp fires, and gained a sharp ridge leading up to the snow. This was first brushy and then rough and rocky. The brush had no paths except those made by wild animals; the rocks were sharp, and soon cut through our moccasins and made our feet bleed. But up and up we went until long after midnight, and until a cloud covered the mountain. We were above the timber line, excepting a few stunted fir trees, under one of which we crawled to wait for day for it was too dark to see. Day soon dawned, but we were almost

frozen. Our fir tree nest had been the lair of grizzy bears that had wallowed there and shed quantities of shaggy hair. The snow was still beyond, and we had lost both sight and direction. But in an hour or two we had reached it. It was nearly as hard as ice. Filling a large handkerchief, without taking time to admire the scenery we started toward the camp by a new route, for our feet were too sore to go by way of the rocky ridge we had come. But the new way led into trouble. There were thickets so dense as to exclude the sun, and roaring little streams in deep, dark chasms; we had to crawl through paths which looked untrodden except by grizzlies; in one place a large bear had passed evidently only a few minutes before, crossing the deep gorge, plunging through the wild, dashing water and wetting the steep bank as we went up. We carried our drawn butcher knives in our hands, for they were our only weapons. At last we emerged into the valley. Apparently numerous Indians had left that very morning, as shown by tracks of lodge poles drawn on the ground. Making haste, we soon gained the hills, and at about two p. m. sighted our wagons, already two or three miles on the march. When our friends saw us they stopped, and all who could ran to welcome us. They had given us up for lost, supposing that we had been killed by the hostile Blackfeet, who, as Captain Fitzpatrick had warned us, sometimes roamed through that region. The company had barricaded the camp at night as best they could, and every man had spent a sleepless night on guard. Next morning they passed several hours in scouring the country. Their first questions were, 'Where have you been?' 'Where have you been?' I was able to answer triumphantly, '*We have been up to the snow!*' and to demonstrate the fact by showing all the snow I had left, which was now reduced to a ball about the size of my fist."

It was September when the party reached the northern extremity of Salt Lake. Here they experienced severe thirst for the first time. But they were not the last to experience it. Thirst! It has been the horror of the west for fifty years. Thirst! The word has no meaning to you who have never traveled a mile for a drink, but to that wayfarer on the salt-encrusted desert to this day it is a vision of hell. He has had his supply of water, but he sees it growing low. He begins to weigh the prospective distance to water against the present supply, and just as he reflects upon the subject of water his longing for it increases, so delicately connected are mind and body. He grows nervous as he reflects on the horrors of thirst. He measures out to himself from his scanty supply, almost counting the drops. The distance to a new supply is a matter of speculation, but at last he takes the last drop and trusts to favor-

able fortune for the future. He is too well skilled in desert matters to be allured from his path by the beautiful lake that invites him toward the horizon. He knows it is a false lake, a mirage. He has hope only in a straight course, and he maintains it. But at last he grows terribly weary. His tongue swells and protrudes slightly from his mouth. His bones and muscles ache as with the ague. His agony is relieved by stupor. His feet drag upon the ground. He staggers. At last he falls. His lips crack open and blood oozes from them. Then what? From that place the writer once arose and forced his way on to water. But the plains of the great West are strewn with the bones of men and animals who never rose. Their number is increased yearly. There is no other page in the history of the frontier so horrible as that which speaks of the suffering from thirst, and it covers a period from the days of the first emigrant train to the present time.

Fortunately, the first emigrant train lost none of its force of men from this cause, though their suffering at times was great. They were successful in finding pasture for their animals during a needed rest and they dispatched two men to explore the country. After an absence of five days they returned and guided the caravan around the northern end of Salt Lake. Then came two or three days hard marching across desert, passing a day and night without water. At last, however, they came to good pasture and water again.

Thus far their travels had been impeded by the wagons, and they looked forward with fear of being overtaken by winter before reaching California. Hence they left their wagons and everything possible to dispense with, packed their chattels upon the animals and pressed on again.

Packing the animals was comparatively successful, so far as the mules and horses were concerned. But the oxen did not seem to be adapted to this method of bearing burdens, and as Bidwell had oxen he was caused great trouble, and was often in the rear.

Captain Bartleson had formed a dislike for Bidwell, owing to the latter having criticised the Captain's methods of dealing with Indians. This led to an effort on the part of Bartleson to desert Bidwell on the plains. Bidwell's oxen got away with his provisions on their backs, and, of course, he had to go in search of them. He met with many mishaps to delay him, and when he finally found the oxen and returned he found the party had left hours before. There were many Indian fires about and matters looked desperate enough. But Bidwell had many friends, and two of them returned

to his assistance contrary to the Captain's orders, and he was able to overtake the caravan.

Passing over a rough country, the party finally entered the wash of a river to which Fremont four years later, when he first saw it, gave the name of Humboldt, and which is in the country now known as Nevada. They followed this stream for many miles to the sink, where the river disappears.

They fell in at this point with that degraded race of Indians, the Diggers, and had an experience in partaking of their food. The main food supply of these Indians to this day is grasshoppers, acorns and bugs. They visit the upper Sacramento valley annually and are a great aid to the farmers as exterminators of grasshoppers, of which they consume hundreds of bushels each year. The occasional injury to crops by the pest is the bountiful harvest of the Diggers.

The emigrants purchased food of the Indians and partook of it with great relish, until they learned that it consisted of a kind of bug scraped from the tulies growing in great quantities in the Humboldt marshes.

During the next few days the Captain and eight of his followers made four ineffectual efforts to desert the men with the cattle, but were each time obliged to return for food, it then being necessary to rely on the cattle for food, killing one whenever necessary.

The company were probably the first white men to cross the Carson and Walker rivers, which were given these names four years later by Fremont in honor of Kit Carson and Joe Walker.

By making a detour to the south in order to lessen the danger of winter overtaking them in the mountains they missed the Truckee Meadows and the picturesque Lake Tahoe near the summit of the Sierra Nevadas, which is on the line of the later emigrant trains and of the Central Pacific railroad.

We will let General Bidwell tell his own story of his entrance into glorious California:

"We were now in what is at present Nevada, and probably within forty miles of the present boundary of California. We ascended the mountains on the north side of Walker River to the summit, and then struck a stream running west which proved to be the extreme source of the Stanislaus River. We followed it down for several days, and finally came to where a branch ran into it, each forming a canyon. The main river flowed in a precipitous gorge in places apparently a mile deep, and the gorge that came into it was little less formidable. At night we found ourselves on the extreme point of the promontory between the two, very tired,

and with neither grass nor water. We had to stay there that night. Early the next morning two men went down to see if it would be possible to get through down the smaller canyon. I was one of them, Jimmy John the other. Benjamin Kelsey, who had shown himself expert in finding the way, was now, without any election, still recognized as leader, as he had been during the absence of Bartleson. A party also went back to see how far we should have to go around before we could pass over the tributary canyon. The understanding was that when we went down the canyon if it was practicable to get through we were to fire a gun, so that all could follow; but if not, we were not to fire, even if we saw game. When Jimmy and I got down about three-quarters of a mile I came to the conclusion that it was impossible to get through, and said to him: 'Jimmy, we might as well go back, we can't go here.' 'Yes we can,' said he, and insisting that we could, he pulled out a pistol and fired. It was an old dragoon pistol and reverberated like a cannon. I hurried back to tell the company not to come down, but before I reached them the Captain and his party had started. I explained and warned them that they could not get down; but they went on as far as they could go, and then were obliged to stay all day and night to rest the animals, and had to go about among the rocks and pick a little grass for them, and go down to the stream through a little place in the canyon to bring water up in cups and camp kettles, and some of the men in their boots, and pour down the animals' throats to keep them from perishing. Finally, four of them pulling and four of them pushing a mule, they managed to get them up one by one, and then carried the things up again on their backs—not an easy job for exhausted men.

"In some way, nobody knows how, Jimmy got through that canyon and into the Sacramento valley. He had a horse with him —an Indian horse, that was bought in the Rocky mountains, and which could come as near climbing a tree as any horse I ever knew. Jimmy was a character. Of all the men I have ever known, I think he was the most fearless; he had the bravery of a bulldog. He was not seen for two months, until he was found at Sutters, afterwards known as Sutter's Fort, now Sacramento city.

"We went on, traveling west as near as we could. When we killed our last ox we shot and ate crows or anything we could kill, and one man shot a wild-cat. We could eat anything. One day in the morning I went ahead, on foot, of course, to see if I could kill something, it being understood that the company would keep on as near west as possible and find a practicable road. I followed an

Indian trail down into the canyon, meeting many Indians on the way up. They did not molest me, but I did not quite like their looks. I went about ten miles down the canyon, and then began to think it time to strike north to intersect the trail of the company going west. A most difficult time I had scaling the precipice. Once I threw my gun up ahead of me, being unable to hold it and climb, and then was in despair lest I could not get up where it was, but finally I did barely manage to do so, and made my way north. As the darkness came on I was obliged to look down and feel with my feet lest I should pass over the trail of the party without seeing it. Just at dark I came to an enormous fallen tree and tried to go around the top, but the place was too brushy, so I went around the butt, which seemed to me to be twenty or twenty-five feet above my head. This I suppose to have been one of the fallen trees in the Calaveras grove of *Sequoia gigantea*, or mammoth trees, as I have since been there and to my own satisfaction identified the lay of the land and the trees. Hence I concluded that I must have been the first white man who ever saw the *Sequoia gigantea* of which I told Fremont when he came to California in 1844. Of course, sleep was impossible, for I had neither blanket nor coat, and burned or froze alternately as I turned from one side to the other before the small fire which I had built, until morning, when I started eastward to intersect the trail, thinking the company had turned north. But I traveled until noon and found no trail; then, striking south, I came to the camp which I had left the previous morning. The party had gone, but not where they said they would go, for they had taken the same trail I had followed, into the canyon, and had gone up the south side, which they had found so steep that many of the poor animals could not climb it and had to be left. When I arrived the Indians were there cutting the horses to pieces and carrying off the meat. My situation, alone among strange Indians, killing our poor horses, was by no means comfortable. Afterwards we found that these Indians were always at war with the Californians. They were known as the Horse Thief Indians, and lived chiefly on horse flesh; they had been in the habit of raiding the ranches, even to the very coast, driving away horses by the hundreds, into the mountains to eat. That night after dark I overtook the party in camp.

"A day or two later we came to a place where there was a great quantity of horse bones, and we did not know what it meant; we thought that an army must have perished there. They were, of course, horses that the Indians had driven in there and slaughtered. A few nights later, fearing depredations, we concluded to stand guard—all but one man who would not. So we let his two horses

roam where they pleased. In the morning they could not be found. A few miles away we came to a village; the Indians had fled, but we found the horses killed and some of the meat roasting on a fire.

"We were now on the edge of the San Joaquin valley, but we did not even know that we were in California. We could see a range of mountains lying to the west—the Coast range—but we could see no valley. The evening of the day we started down into the valley we were very tired, and when night came our party was strung along for three or four miles, and every man slept right where darkness overtook him. He would take off his saddle for a pillow and turn his horse or mule loose, if he had one. His animal would be too poor to walk away, and in the morning he would find him, usually within fifty feet. The jaded horses nearly perished with hunger and fatigue. When we overtook the foremost of the party the next morning we found they had come to a pond of water, and one of them had killed a fat coyote. When I came up it was all eaten except the lights and windpipe, on which I made my breakfast. From that camp we saw timber to the north of us, evidently bordering a stream running west. It turned out to be the stream we had followed down in the mountains—the Stanislaus river. As soon as we came in sight of the bottom land of the stream we saw an abundance of antelopes and sand hill cranes. We killed two of each the first evening. Wild grapes also abounded. The next day we killed thirteen deer and antelopes, jerked the meat and got ready to go on, all except the captain's mess of seven or eight, who decided to stay there and lay in meat enough to last them into California! We were really almost down to tidewater, but did not know it. Some thought it was five hundred miles yet to California. But all thought we had to cross at least that range of mountains in sight to the west before entering the promised land, and how many more beyond no one could tell. Nearly all thought it best to press on lest the snows might overtake us in the mountains before us, as they had already nearly done on the mountains behind us (the Sierra Nevada). It was now about the first of November. Our party set forth bearing northwest, aiming for a seeming gap north of a high mountain in the chain to the west of us. That mountain we found to be Mount Diablo. At night the Indians attacked the captain's camp and stole all their animals, which were the best in the company, and the next day the men had to overtake us with just what they could carry in their hands.

"The next day, judging by the timber we saw, we concluded there was a river to the west. So two men went ahead to see if they could find a trail or a crossing. The timber seen proved to

be along what is now known as the San Joaquin River. We sent two men on ahead to spy out the country. At night one of them returned, saying they had come across an Indian on horseback, without a saddle, who wore a cloth jacket but no other clothing. From what they could understand the Indian knew Dr. Marsh and had offered to guide them to his place. He plainly said "Marsh," and of course we supposed it was the Dr. Marsh before referred to, who had written the letter to a friend in Jackson County, Missouri, and so it proved. One man went with the Indian to Marsh's ranch and the other came back to tell us what he had done, with the suggestion that we should go on and cross the river (San Joaquin) at the place to which the trail was leading. In that way we found ourselves, two days later, at Dr. Marsh's ranch, and there we learned that we were really in California and our journey at an end. After six months, we had now arrived at the first settlement in California, November 4, 1841."

On election day, 1892, it will be almost exactly fifty-one years from the day the members of the first emigrant party across the plains learned their destination was reached. Only fifty-one years, and what a contrast! Then 100 Americans. Today a million and a third. Then minerals unknown, though the caravan had passed near places where subsequently miners were expected to make their fortune from ten square feet of dirt. Then, but few acres of wheat, though today the State ranks first as a wheat producer. Then, no fruit except a few trees about the widely scattered missions. Today the producer of every kind of fruit in its best form. Then, millions of acres wasting their product or producing nothing for want of water. Today, the water flowing from the mountains for scores of miles through ditches and flumes to quench the thirst of the land and make it yield most bountifully.

Yet, what could these pioneers see when they first arrived to warrant the hope that they were to prosper here? There was an abundance of land, but had they not seen untold millions of acres available for settlement before they entered California? They could note the productive quality of the land, but where could they find a market for their produce? They could raise vast herds of cattle, but what would they do with them? Manifestly, all that was in sight for them to do was to resort to primitive methods, each man producing as near as possible all that he could desire in the form of food, clothing and luxuries.

It is proverbially the custom in all growing countries to explain the uncomfortable features of the climate by the expression: "This is an uncommon season." But it was more than a cant phrase in

1841. The previous winter there had been but very little rain and the mountains failed to get their usual allowance of snow. The consequence was a general drouth. Dr. Marsh was not in condition to keep the company over winter, and they scattered in different directions to seek a living as best they could. But before leaving his ranch it was necessary to have passports. Bidwell supplied the Doctor with a list of the names of the members of the party, and the Doctor went to San Jose and got the passports from Governor Vallejo, there being no fee for the issuance of them. But Doctor Marsh falsely represented to the party that a fee of $5 was charged. Nine-tenths of the party were entirely without money and not one of them had as much as $5. Thus it became necessary for them to give to the penurious Doctor all their most valuable chattels in lieu of money. Then it was discovered that passports had been secured for all but Bidwell, the Doctor intending by neglecting to get his passport to force him to remain over winter. Having a quick wit combined with physical strength he would have been a most valuable man on the ranch. But Bidwell was independent and left for San Jose, forty miles to the south, to get his own passport. But no sooner did he reach the town than he was arrested and thrown into jail in the company of five Indian horse thieves, where he was kept three days without food. At last he saw an American through a small grating and called to him. This American went to Governor Vallejo and secured a passport for Bidwell, and he was liberated.

It would be impossible at this juncture to avoid speaking of a gentleman who undoubtedly had a marked influence in forming the character of General Bidwell.

John A. Sutter was a native of Baden, of Swiss parents. He was a gentleman of the highest degree of refinement. He came to the United States in early life and went to St. Louis, from which point he visited the Rocky mountains, and finally found his way down the Columbia river to Vancouver. While there he decided to attempt to found a colony in California, of which he had most favorable reports, and went to the Sandwich Islands to secure the necessary credit for the undertaking. Then there was no vessel to California from the islands, and it was necessary to take a Russian vessel and go to Sitka, Alaska, and from there work his way southward along the coast as best he could. He landed in California in 1840 with six natives of the Sandwich Islands, expecting to eventually draw colonists from the United States and Europe. Governor Alvarado gave consent to the founding of the colony, and Sutter explored the central portion of the State and finally chose the point

destined to be the head of navigation on the Sacramento river, where now is Sacramento, the capital of the State. To his colony he gave the name of New Helvetia, but everywhere it was known as "Sutter's", and later as "Sutter's Fort." When the Sacramento River became the main thoroughfare between San Francisco and the mines, Sacramento was second in importance of California towns, but in 1841 it was the only civilized settlement between the Coast Range of mountains and the Sierra Nevadas.

Between Dr. Marsh's and Sutter's lay a hundred miles of forbidding territory, but Bidwell and three companions set out to make the trip, hoping to find employment with Sutter. Winter was on in earnest, not the snowy winter of the East, but the genuine California winter, which implies heavy rainfalls in periods of a week or more, coming at any time from fall to spring. Every rivulet becomes a brook, every brook a river and every river a raging torrent, often, along the Sacramento valley, all breaking their banks, and inundating vast areas. Under these discouraging circumstances it required eight days to make the trip. But a singular incident was that while the four men were endeavoring to find Sutter's, Sutter's men were hunting for the party.

Jimmy John, who made his escape from the canyon with the horse that could almost "climb a tree", had found his way to Sutter's and that hospitable man had immediately sent out a force of men to hunt for his companions, and had sent along two mules loaded with provisions. They found the trail and followed it to Marsh's.

Here Bidwell found his first employment in the country, his work being to remove cattle, horses, cannon, etc., to Sutter's from the old fur depots of the Russian-American Fur Company at Bodega and Fort Ross, Sutter having purchased their property. The cannon had a history. They were old pieces which had been left behind by Napoleon on his retreat from Moscow and brought to California by the Russians. It does not appear that any active service was found for them on American soil, but they unquestionably gave importance to Sutter's fort as a refuge for Americans.

About the time of the arrival of the immigrants there was talk of dispossessing Sutter of his property. The doughty Swiss thereupon wrote to the authorities that he wanted to hear no more talk of his being dispossessed, as he was able to defend himself or punish the Mexicans if necessary. This led to a change in Governors, the new appointee, however, being friendly to Sutter.

Sutter recognized the intelligence and integrity of Bidwell and placed him in charge of his Hock farm in 1843, with several hun-

dred men under his control at times. This was an important post for a young man of twenty-four years, but he proved himself worthy of confidence and was gradually entrusted with greater missions.

General Bidwell gives the following account of affairs as they existed at Sutter's:

"Nearly everybody who came to California made it a point to reach Sutter's Fort. Sutter was one of the most liberal and hospitable of men. Everybody was welcome—one man or a hundred, it was all the same. He had peculiar traits; his necessities compelled him to take all he could buy, and he paid all he could pay; but he failed to keep up with his payments. And so he soon found himself immensely—almost hopelessly—involved in debt. His debt to the Russians amounted at first to something near one hundred thousand dollars. Interest increased apace. He had agreed to pay in wheat, but his crops failed. He struggled in every way, sowing large areas to wheat, increasing his cattle and horses, and trying to build a flouring mill. He kept his launch running to and from the bay, carrying down hides, tallow, furs, wheat, etc., returning with lumber, sawed by hand in the redwood groves nearest the bay, and other supplies. On an average it took a month to make a trip. The fare for each person was five dollars, including board. Sutter started many other new enterprises in order to find relief from his embarrassments, but, in spite of all he could do, these increased. Every year found him worse and worse off; but it was partly his own fault. He employed men, not because he always needed and could profitably employ them, but because in the kindness of his heart it simply became a habit to employ everybody who wanted employment. As long as he had anything he trusted anyone with anything he wanted—responsible or otherwise, acquaintances and strangers alike. Most of the labor was done by Indians, chiefly wild ones, except a few from the Missions, who spoke Spanish."

The arrival of Bidwell's party was simply the beginning of an almost continuous stream of immigration, and what did not seem probable on their arrival really happened, in a few years the entire area of California becoming dotted with American settlements, thus opening up new pursuits.

Sutter aimed to meet all the demands of the times and employed from 100 to 500 men, including blacksmiths, carpenters, tanners, gunsmiths, vaqueros, gardeners, weavers, hunters, sawyers, sheepherders, trappers, millwrights and a distiller, for Sutter had the instincts of the German race and believed in alcoholic liquor. He fortified his fort and had his Indian soldiers well drilled.

The grain, which was grown in large quantities finally, was cut with sticks with sharp edges or pulled up, and was then threshed by driving horses upon it. These primitive methods made grain growing expensive, but the time came when the matter of expense cut little figure.

The wagons in use were rough two-wheeled affairs, the wheels consisting of sections of trees, and were always drawn by oxen. It was the custom then, as it is among politicians now, to use soft-soap as a lubricator, and the effect was the same. The cart squeaked as badly as does the "practical politician's" character. The first wagons brought to California came across the plains in 1844.

The difficulties of marketing the product are shown by the fact that most of the furs and hides were sent to San Diego to load. This is much like using the mouth of the St. John's River in Florida for the Atlantic Coast harbor, there being no railroads or coasting steamers in the East.

In its early days California was the resort of all manner of impostors. Men with no knowledge of medicine took on the title of "Doctor," as was the case of Dr. Marsh, Dr. Meeks and others. A lawyer named Hastings wanted to secure the independence of California and make himself President. He went East and wrote a book on California to induce immigration, and was successful to a degree, but soon after his return to California it passed into the hands of the United States.

In 1841 a French Canadian named Ruelle discovered gold near Los Angeles, in Southern California, but the mine proved unprofitable and it was abandoned, and Ruelle went north. In this same year, from some unknown source gold was sent from California to the Sandwich Islands and thence to Boston. In 1843 Ruelle applied to Sutter and Bidwell for horses, provisions and two Indians to prospect in the American River, showing a few grains of gold dust he claimed to have found in that river. Sutter and Bidwell considered the matter carefully but thought Ruelle simply wanted to get the outfit to make his way to Oregon. The waters of the American River flow into the Sacramento just above the city of Sacramento. It was in this river that gold was subsequently discovered by Marshall in January, 1848, and it is not improbable that Ruelle's story was true and that he really wanted to "prospect" the river.

A Mexican named Pablo Gutierrez, early in the spring of 1844, told Bidwell there was gold in Bear River in the Sierra Nevadas, and the two went to the mountains and examined the location.

They did not prospect, for the reason that Bidwell was ignorant of mining and the Mexican insisted that it could not be done without a *batea*, and Bidwell, from the Mexican's talk thought a *batea* to be some complicated machinery. The Mexican insisted that it could not be made in California, and the matter was indefinitely postponed, and subsequently Bidwell learned that a *batea* is nothing but a wooden bowl. But events transpired which gave Americans something to think of beside gold mining.

Governor Micheltorena, who had really been sent from Mexico to subdue Sutter's force when he sent his letter of defiance to the authorities, had treated Americans with a friendly spirit. When they had complied with the naturalization laws and shown a disposition to become law-abiding citizens, he gave their welfare the same consideration he did the welfare of native Californians.

But he was unpopular with three classes—the English and French colonists and the native Californians. The English and French looked forward to a time when one of their governments would take possession of California, and the native Californians wished a return of the days under a native ruler that they might share the revenues. With the aid of these classes Jose Castro and ex-Governor Alvarado raised an insurrection against Governor Micheltorena, basing their rebellion on the Governor's alleged partiality for Americans.

In October, 1844, General Sutter visited the Governor at Monterey, the capital, and took Bidwell with him. At San Jose they learned of the insurrection and hurried on to Monterey, being the first to break the news to the Governor. A vessel happened to touch at Monterey and General Sutter took passage on board for San Francisco, whence he made his way home. The insurgents seized all the Governor's horses, leaving his troops on foot. The Governor pursued, nevertheless, but no battle occurred. Bidwell left Monterey for Sutter's Fort by land and met the army. The Governor stopped his troops and discussed the situation with Bidwell for half an hour, confiding to him all his plans, and urging that the Americans support his cause. Finally Bidwell reached San Jose, and fell in with the insurgents. He says Castro and Alvarado treated him like a prince, protested their friendship for Americans, and sent a request to Sutter to support them. Reaching Sutter's Fort, Sutter and Bidwell considered the matter and decided to support the Governor. Pablo Gutierrez, Bidwell's partner in prospective gold mining, was sent twice with messages to the Governor, the latter time being caught by the insurgents and hanged as a spy near the present town of Gilroy. The insurrection ended in the expulsion of the

Governor and the acquisition of that title by Pio Pico, who recently died at Los Angeles.

Had Bidwell been an experienced miner—in fact, had he known the simplest rudiments of mining, the discovery of gold would have dated several years earlier than it does. For he had heard enough to make him determined to prospect for it in the mountains, but labored under the impression that extensive machinery was needed. As a matter of fact, untold millions of dollars have been washed from the ground within fifty miles of Sutter's Fort with no more complicated machinery than any man could make in a half a day. In 1845 Bidwell traveled hundreds of miles to Los Angeles to study the methods of mining in Ruelle's mine. But the ground was not rich, was more difficult to work than the northern placer mines afterward discovered, and the Mexicans working the mines were following the crudest possible methods. This did not inspire him with enthusiasm, and when on his return to Sutter's Fort he was offered the position of bookkeeper and general business man by General Sutter, he accepted. He had, in addition to his other duties, a general supervision of the hundreds of men in Sutter's employ. In July, 1845, he visited a force of men at work in the mountains and started to prospect for gold in one of the gullies, but without success, the terrific heat of the day forcing him to abandon the work. It was learned in 1848 that this same gully contained a rich deposit of gold, stories being told of men who took out "pint cupfuls before breakfast." Now, the average miner is a good story teller, but not necessarily a liar, and when he assures you that a pint cupful was taken out by a man before breakfast the probability is that there was *some* gold there.

It was in March, 1844, that Fremont arrived in California on his tour of exploration. He had gone through Eastern Oregon and thence had followed down the Sierra Nevada range, crossing the mountains near Lake Tahoe and coming down the American River to Sutter's Fort, thus locating the best route across the mountains, ever after the favorite of emigrant parties.

How often was that rich gold deposit to be crossed before it was discovered. Here was Fremont, with his expert scientists, traversing that country where Auburn and Placerville and Nevada City and Grass Valley and Yankee Jim's and Dutch Flat and Hangtown and Michigan Bluff but a few years later drew vast crowds of miners to make the State famous, where one could hardly wash a panful of dirt without "getting the color", and yet they failed to discover the millions they were treading upon.

Bidwell urged Fremont to remain and see the wonders of Cali-

fornia, including the mammoth trees he had discovered. He remained but three or four weeks, however, and then started on his return trip to the United States.

In the fall of 1845 was made a discovery second only to the discovery of gold. It was then Castro and Castillero came as peace commissioners from Mexico and visited General Sutter to urge him to remain faithful to Mexico, it being feared that Americans might subsequently seize the country. While on this visit they were shown a peculiar rock at San Jose which was supposed by many to contain mineral. Castillero at once recognized it as quicksilver, an indispensable article in gold mining, and thus the way was paved for that great wave of mining enthusiasm which came three years later.

While the Mexicans had for some time entertained fears that the American colonists would attempt to overthrow Mexican rule in California, the evidence is lacking to show that the American settlers entertained the idea of any immediate action in that line. Without interference from the outside, in all probability a number of years would have elapsed before declaring independence of Mexico.

But in the fall of 1845 Fremont arrived from the East on his second trip with sixty well armed followers. He bore a commission from the United States, and his father-in-law, Thomas Benton, was in a position to advise him confidentially regarding the policy of the United States in dealing with Mexico. At the time Fremont left the East war with Mexico seemed inevitable, but had not been declared. Starting upon such a mission into a land likely at any time to become antagonistic to his country, it requires no great imagination to presume that he was confidentially given great latitude in dealing with affairs as he might find them. Yet Fremont was a dangerous man to entrust on such a mission. With all the undaunted courage of the man, with all his skill in pioneering, he lacked that most essential soldier quality, obedience to superior authority. He could fight against all manner of obstacles, but he could submit to no thing or no man. He could plan in his own mind the greatest achievements within the limits of one man power. He was never able, however, to have a clear understanding with other men, that they might work in harmony with him. His whole life record is a record of misunderstanding with his associates.

When he came down the Sierras to Sutter's Fort, John Bidwell was in charge, General Sutter being at San Francisco.

Fremont and Bidwell, what a combination! Eleven years later the elder of the two men, though then young himself, was to throw all the force of his forceful manhood into the leadership of the

greatest moral and political issue yet worked out to its logical conclusion by the American people. Before that invincible force of right which Fremont led the politicians of the old parties were beaten back with blows from the keen-edged sword of Justice, falling thick and fast as ever came the blows of her matchless sword. That moral and political force which had been slowly developing in this nation to eradicate the stain of slavery broke forth with uncontrollable power. The day had come, as come it must in all moral conflicts, where the cause of justice became the people's cause, and the great tide came near sweeping Fremont into the Presidency, as four years later it swept Lincoln to that post of great honor.

The cause for which Fremont stood in 1856 became an extinct cause when the last phase of the slavery question was permanently settled. The political party called into existence by the slave issue had accomplished its mission when the issue of slavery was settled.

The other of the two men who stood face to face forty-seven years ago, on foreign territory, who co-operated in bringing that foreign land under the jurisdiction of the Stars and Stripes, is today before the people in a parallel position. Like Fremont, he stands the worthy leader of an issue based on all the elements of justice, and this later issue, like its predecessor when Fremont was made its leader, has slowly grown in power to that point when the hour is striking for a grand uprising of the people, and the people, hearing the signal, are coming forth to answer to it with their ballots.

This is one of the marvelous coincidences of history, and the historian, a few years hence, when he tells the story of the banishment of the barbarous saloon from civilized America, and expounds the philosophy of history, as relating to parties, will draw the lesson from this wonderful parallel that no party can long survive the settlement of the principles which called it into being. He will tell you that parties are like pocket-knives. They are made for a useful purpose. But when they become old and rusty and broken and can no longer do their work they are thrown aside and a new one is procured. If you are a member of a worn-out and rusty party you are throwing your vote away, no matter how many men you help elect.

The first notice of Fremont's return to California was when he and Kit Carson appeared at the fort. A portion of his party had branched off to the south. He was in a hurry to join them and asked Bidwell for sixteen mules, six pack saddles, some flour and other provisions and the use of a blacksmith shop to shoe the mules. Bidwell stated that there were no mules to be had, but he could have horses, provisions and pack saddles. He could have the

use of a blacksmith shop, but there was no coal. Fremont thought this a lack of hospitality and left the fort in an angry mood, remarking as he left to Kit Carson that Bidwell was unwilling to accommodate him. This remark was reported to Bidwell, who went immediately to see Fremont and related what he had heard, and the difficulties were patched up. With consent of the Mexicans, Fremont camped for the winter in the San Joaquin Valley, and in the spring was given permission to extend his explorations to the Colorado River. Now, this river forms the eastern boundary of California for a distance, but does not enter the State. Governor Castro showed a disposition to prevent Fremont's force visiting the more populous region along the coast, though encouraging the exploration of the interior. But instead of going south or southeast toward the Colorado, Fremont moved to the west and southwest, to the country about Monterey, the Mexican capital. When near the Salinas Valley, near the coast, Castro sent him an official order to leave. Instead of leaving, however, Fremont took possession of Gavilan peak and fortified it. Castro collected a force about the mountain and Fremont abandoned his position on March 9th and fled up the San Joaquin and Sacramento Valleys, leaving Sutter's Fort for Oregon about March 24, 1846. Four weeks later Lieutenant A. H. Gillespie, of the United States marines, reached the fort in search of Fremont, chased him into Oregon and delivered orders. Fremont immediately returned to California. By no possibility could Fremont have known that war had been declared between the United States and Mexico, even from the order delivered him, but he immediately seized 150 horses belonging to the Mexican Government. Word was passed around that there was deep significance attached to Fremont's presence, but no one could fathom the mystery. Nevertheless, men began to gather from all quarters and place themselves at Fremont's disposal.

Sutter was in spirit an American, but did not disguise his surprise when Fremont seized the horses. Like the Americans themselves, he rejoiced in the advent of the day when California was to be turned over to the Union. The only reasonable construction to be placed on Fremont's acts was that he was acting with the authority of his Government, but this he would neither affirm nor deny.

Fremont sent twenty-five men to Sonoma, where they captured three prominent Mexicans, General Vallejo, Jacob P. Leese and Victor Prudon, who were imprisoned in Sutter's parlor, Bidwell acting as guard.

It was at this time that William L. Todd, a nephew of Mrs. Abraham Lincoln, painted on a piece of brown cotton what pur-

ported to be a grizzly bear, but which the Mexicans mistook for a pig. This was posted on a pole at Sonoma, where it chanced to be seen by a naval officer and became noted as the bear flag. Yet there was no significance attached to it at that time. Fremont did not see it or hear of it at the time. All that was needed was an idle flag pole to suggest a flag and an idle man to carry out the idea. The pole and the man met.

A small force of Californians under Joaquin de le Torre and a small force of Americans under Henry L. Ford, had a skirmish near the Petaluma ranch and the Californians were repulsed.

Finally news of the trouble reached San Francisco, and Lieutenant Washington A. Bartlett, of the Navy, was sent to Sutter's Fort to learn the cause. Evidently Fremont was not prepared to assume the responsibility of the warfare and through Lieutenant Gillespie advised them to organize, and a public meeting was called for the purpose. John Bidwell, P. B. Reading and W. B. Ide were appointed by Gillespie to draft a plan. Each member of the committee drew up a document and they were submitted to Gillespie for selection. He selected that written by Bidwell. It is one of the shortest and yet one of the most important of public documents, and reads as follows:

"The undersigned hereby agree to organize for the purpose of gaining and maintaining the independence of California."

General Bidwell writes: [Century Magazine, February, 1891] "It was in every one's mouth (and I think must have come from Fremont) that the war was begun in defense of American settlers! This was simply a pretense to justify the premature beginning of the war, which henceforth was to be carried on in the name of the United States."

Under Bidwell's document three companies were formed, with Henry L. Ford, Granville P. Swift and Samuel J. Hensley as captains. Bidwell was commissioned as lieutenant.

Under Fremont they marched to Monterey, where they were surprised to see the Stars and Stripes floating, they having been unfurled by Commodore Sloat before their arrival. Of course, since the United States Government had now taken up the cause of the Americans, all enlisted under the federal Government. Commodore Sloat was immediately afterward succeeded in command by Commodore Stockton, who retained the commissioned officers of the three companies in their places. Fremont was made Lieutenant Colonel in command.

We give General Bidwell's account of the Mexican war in California:

"The first conquest of California, in 1846, by the Americans, with the exception of the skirmish at Petaluma and another toward Monterey, was achieved without a battle. We simply marched all over California from Sonoma to San Diego, and raised the American flag without opposition or protest. We tried to find an enemy, but could not. So Kit Carson and Ned Beale were sent East, bearing dispatches from Commodore Stockton, announcing the entire conquest of California by the United States. Fremont was made Governor by Stockton at Los Angeles, but could not enter on the full discharge of the duties of his office till he had visited the upper part of California and returned. He sent me to take charge of the Mission of San Luis Rey, with a commission as magistrate over the larger portion of the country between Los Angeles and San Diego. Stockton and all his forces retired on board his vessels. Fremont went north, leaving part of his men at Los Angeles under Gillespie, part at Santa Barbara, under Lieutenant Talbot, and some at other points. Pio Pico and Jose Castro, respectively the last Mexican Governor and Commander-in-Chief, remained concealed awhile and then withdrew into Mexico.

"Suddenly, in about a month, Fremont being in the north and his troops scattered, the whole country south of Monterey was in a state of revolt. Then for the first time there was something like war. As there were rumors of Mexican troops coming from Sonora, Merritt was sent by Gillespie to reconnoiter toward the Colorado River. Gillespie was surrounded at Los Angeles and made to capitulate. I fled from San Louis Rey to San Diego. Merritt and his party, hearing of the outbreak, also escaped to San Diego. Meanwhile Fremont enlisted a considerable force (about four hundred), principally from the large Hastings immigration at Sacramento, and marched south. Commodore Stockton had landed and marched to retake Los Angeles and failed. All the men-of-war, and all the scattered forces, except Fremont's new force, were then concentrated at San Diego, where Commodore Stockton collected and reorganized the forces, composed of sailors, marines, men of Fremont's battalion under Gillespie and Merritt, volunteers at San Diego, including some native Californians and that portion of the regular troops under General S. W. Kearney that had escaped from the field of San Pascual—in all between 700 and 800 men. Of these forces I was commissioned and served as quartermaster. This work of preparation took several months. Finally on the 29th of December, 1846, the army set out to retake Los

Angeles. It fought the battles of Los Angeles and the Mesa, which ended the insurrection. The enemy fled, met Fremont at San Fernando, and surrendered to him the next day. The terms of surrender were so lenient that the native Californians from that time forth became the fast friends of Fremont.

"Unfortunate differences regarding rank had arisen between Stockton and Kearney. Fremont was afterward arrested in California by Kearney for refusing to obey orders, and was taken to Washington and court-martialed. Stockton, however, was to blame. He would not submit to General Kearney, his superior in command on land, and that led Fremont to refuse to obey Kearney, his superior officer. Fremont's disobedience was no doubt owing to the advice of Stockton, who had appointed him Governor of California.

"The war being over, nearly all the volunteers were discharged from the service in February and March, 1847, at Los Angeles and San Diego. Most of us made our way up the coast by land to our homes."

Hastings, the lawyer who had been East to induce immigration, had returned, and he and Bidwell had in January, 1846, laid out the town of Sutterville, near Sutter's Fort, the latter place never having taken on the characteristics of a town. But the war had disarranged their plans. Now they began to work on the town site plan again, but other events came to attract attention and finally in 1849 the city of Sacramento was laid out by other parties.

Among the men in Sutter's employ was a wheelwright named James W. Marshall, whom Sutter entered into an agreement with to build a saw mill, each to share in the product. He was an eccentric character but an ingenious mechanic, though impracticable in the extreme. The agreement between Marshall and Sutter was drawn up by Bidwell and in accordance with the agreement Marshall selected a site on the American River, it being his intention to raft the lumber down. Anyone acquainted with the stream will know how preposterous this was, as the river is always either a tumbling brook or a raging torrent. The mill was built, but no lumber was ever sent from it. The race would clog up with sand, and it became necessary to clean it frequenty, and Marshall kept close watch of it. It was while watching the race that he detected something yellow in the water and picked it up. It proved to be gold.

In the diary of Henry W. Bigler, an employe of Sutter, under date of Monday, January 24, 1848, appears this entry:

"This day some kind of mettle was found in the tail race that looks like goald first discovered by James Martial, the Boss of the mill."

The man who wrote these words was the hunter of the party, and to him is due the honor of being the first to find "goald" away from the mill.

For three or four months there was little or no exeitement about the fort, for it was not yet known that the precious metal existed in any great quantity. It was generally coneeded that the gold belonged to Sutter. Finally Bidwell went to San Francisco to bear the news of the discovery, and he it was who made the first gold seales used in California.

Sam Brannan, a merchant at the fort, tried to keep the discovery a secret, wanting a monopoly in the business of buying the gold dust. But the news could not be suppressed. It spread like wild fire, and from every quarter of the globe men flocked to California to seek their fortunes.

General Bidweil gives his view of the importance of the discovery in the following words:

"It is a question whether the United States could have stood the shock of the great rebellion of 1861 had the California gold discovery not been made. Bankers and business men of New York in 1864 did not hesitate to admit that but for the gold of California, which monthly poured its five or six millions into that financial center, the bottom would have dropped out of everything. These timely arrivals so strengthened the nerves of trade and stimulated business as to enable the Government to sell its bonds at a time when its credit was its life-blood and the main reliance by which to feed, clothe and maintain its armies. Once our bonds went down to thirty-eight cents on the dollar. California gold averted a total collapse, and enabled a preserved Union to eome forth from the great confliet with only four billions of debt instead of a hundred billions. The hand of Providence, so plainly seen in the discovery of gold, is no less manifest in the time chosen for its accomplishment."

The faet was not long in making itself manifest that gold was scattered over a wide area, and Bidwell left Sutter's Fort to prospect for himself, being suecessful in finding a rich deposit in the Feather River. And here comes in one of the absurdities of the present campaign. His location on the Feather River became known as Bidwell's Bar. A sand bar in a river was one of the choice places for early mining, and Bidwell's Bar, Murderer's Bar, Rattlesnake Bar and others became famous. Now that the General has been nomi-

nated as the leader of the Prohibitionists an effort is being made to advertise the fact that he once ran a bar, but those who are publishing the matter do not advertise that the bar consisted of a pile of sand and had nothing to do with liquor.

Here we may be excused for going out of our way to answer a few false accusations made against General Bidwell along the line of the temperance issue. And in doing so we prefer to let advocates of another party speak for us, it being presumed that such witnesses will be recognized as defending General Bidwell purely as a matter of justice. We quote from the Chico Daily Enterprise (Republican) of July 16, 1892, this paper being published in a town built on what was formerly a portion of General Bidwell's ranch, and which certainly is in a position to be conversant with the facts:

"During the past two weeks we have seen some gross misrepresentations regarding General Bidwell, the Prohibition candidate for President, not only as a public man, but even encroaching into his private life, that we feel it the duty of a paper printed at his home to correct some of the mistakes and absurdities which have been published. The misrepresentations originated first in the New York Sun, and have been widely copied in the partisan press, the following being a few of them:

"'General Bidwell has acquired wealth variously estimated at from $1,000,000 to $4,000,000. For years his residence has been in Butte County, where he has one of the largest fruit ranches in the State, comprising more than 25,000 acres. His early connection with the government of California gave him knowledge of land and titles, and in some way or other he selected the choicest soil in the State for his farm. Of course General Bidwell planted grapes. Moreover, they were wine grapes. Five hundred broad acres there were, nearly all in wine and brandy grapes.

"'When his output became large he set up a winery and a still house for making brandy, with powerful engines and costly machinery. For twenty years his name stood next to the head in the list of California's wine and brandy producers. Some six or seven years ago he found a second wife. Her ideas were strongly against the wicked liquor traffic, and not long after his second marriage the wine grower became a Prohibitionist. He publicly announced he would forthwith go out of the wine and brandy business. All the vines that were distinctly for the bearing of wine grapes he rooted out of the soil.

"'General Bidwell still raises grapes, but, he claims, not for making wine. In a recent letter he stated that the product of his 150 acre vineyard was 1,000,000 pounds. These are classified as

table grapes. Bidwell sells his grapes, and for what becomes of them he is not responsible. There is not a market for 500 tons of table grapes a year from the Rancho Chico, and they do not make raisins in Butte county. It is figured, moreover, that there is still in existence much brandy and good red wine from the Rancho Chico.

"'But, apart from all this, the Prohibition nominee is very much of a man. Tall, erect, in spite of three score and ten years, with keen, deep-set eyes; a broad, high forehead; clear-cut features, and the full, flowing beard of a pioneer, General Bidwell is a candidate who is good to look at.'

"General Bidwell was born in Chautauqua county, N. Y., and is now seventy-three years of age. He never had but one wife, whom he married in Washington in 1868. It is true that he has a large ranch of 23,000 acres, but the largest area General Bidwell ever had in wine grapes was between eight and ten acres. These were principally the old Mission variety, together with about 1,000 Catawba vines. These were all the wine grapes General Bidwell ever had.

"He began wine-making in 1864 or '65. The grape vines were dug up in 1867 and he has never planted a wine grape since. He never made a drop of brandy in his life, and never had a distillery of any kind, large or small.

"The largest quantity of good wine he ever had on hand was about 1,000 gallons. This was in 1867, at the time he abandoned wine-making. This wine he presented, through the advice of Rev. Mr. White, to a San Francisco hospital for medicinal purposes, instead of throwing it away. The poorer remnant of his wine he made into vinegar.

"His determination to quit the wine-making business was brought about by the following circumstance:

"Shortly after beginning the manufacture of wine General Bidwell absented himself from home on Congressional duties for nearly two years. Returning in 1867 he found his wine-maker had a good many visitors at the winery and that they sometimes went away with unsteady gait. His wine-maker also informed him that he must have brandy to fortify his wines in order to make them keep. Thereupon General Bidwell immediately determined to wash his hands of the whole business, and, as above stated, abolished his winery, dug up his wine grapes and has never had anything to do with the business since. This was one year before he was married.

"He now has in table and raisin grapes about 150 acres; about seventy-five per cent. of these are raisin grapes.

"The product last year of these vines was 521,447 lbs. of grapes. Of these 385,786 lbs. were used in making raisins, 86,300 lbs. were sold as table grapes, most of them being shipped to Chicago and other eastern markets. The remainder of the crop were refuse grapes and were converted into vinegar."

We quote now from the Chico Daily Chronicle-Record, also a paper of high standing in the State, though not agreeing with General Bidwell in politics. It says:

"The following article is taken from the Revere, Massachusetts, Journal, but has appeared in several other papers in the East:

" 'General Bidwell, the Prohibition candidate for President, appears to have something of a record in the wine-making line. He was formerly the leading wine and brandy producer in this country, and he is understood to have amassed a handsome fortune in the business. Seven years ago he had the largest brandy still in California and over 500 acres in wine grapes. The delegates to the recent Editorial Convention were received at Chico, California, by General Bidwell as presiding officer of the meeting in their honor, and while they were not given an opportunity to inspect his vineyards, they were quietly given to understand that he was largely interested in the business.'

"We would be pleased to know who 'quietly informed' the delegates to the National Editorial Association that General Bidwell was largely interested in the wine business. Such an assertion is preposterous in the extreme, and all who reside in this part of California know that such a statement is a base libel, without the shadow of foundation. The facts in the case are as follows: The largest area which General Bidwell ever had in wine grapes was between eight and ten acres, and these were principally the old Mission variety, but about 1000 Catawba vines were included. Now these were all the wine grapes that General Bidwell ever had, on the Rancho Chico, or any place else.

"General Bidwell began the making of wine in 1864 or '65, and the business was continued during two years. The wine grapes on Rancho Chico were dug up in 1867, and there has never been a wine grape planted nor a drop of wine made on General Bidwell's possessions since that date. There never was, at any time, a drop of brandy made by General Bidwell or his employes, and he has never owned a distillery, large or small, of any description. * * *

"A telegram from San Francisco to the New York Sun says that General Bidwell never made a raisin from his Rancho Chico

vineyards. The sender of this dispatch has gone out of his way to subvert the facts. The output of the Rancho Chico vineyards last year alone was 104,000 pounds of raisins of a good quality. Those who make these false statements willfully misrepresent the facts in relation to the products of Rancho Chico."

The Chicago News-Record also investigated the slanderous attacks on General Bidwell, and on August 1st contained the following editorial.

"General Bidwell has the distinction of being the first candidate of those aspiring to the presidency this year to be singled out by the campaign prevaricator for the exercise of his peculiar talents.

"Apparently without fear of detaching the saloon vote from the two old parties and stampeding it to General Bidwell, friends of other candidates have circulated the report that the leader of the Prohibitionists 'had a big vineyard in Butte county.' But this is only part of the indictment. 'He raised grapes there,' continues one veracious historian, 'and they were wine grapes. He had a winery and a stillhouse, and for twenty years the individual who now heads the Prohibition ticket was next to the largest wine and brandy producer in California.'

"General Bidwell is then introduced to the public as a 'reformed distiller' whose reformation came through his wife's influence after he had accumulated millions of dollars at the business which he is now fighting.

"If this were true it would be interesting. The facts, however, collide somewhat forcibly with the story. Here they are: General Bidwell planted a vineyard of eight or ten acres in 1860. In 1864 he began the manufacture of wines and then for two years he was absent in Congress. On his return to California he found 1000 gallons of wine manufactured and on hand. He learned also that this wine was a very effective intoxicant. Thereupon, being a temperate man, he gave it all to a San Francisco hospital for medicinal use, without ever having sold a gallon of it, dug up his vines and burned them and went out of the business.

"That is the kind of 'reformed distiller' General Bidwell is. The story that his wife's influence led him to abandon wine-making is pretty. The trouble with this story is that General Bidwell burned his vineyard two years before he was married.

"To those who believe in prohibition this record of their candidate will prove satisfactory. To those who do not accept this doctrine the candidate's course will appear at least consistent. The Prohibition party, now that the facts are known, will not run the

risk of attracting the saloon vote. So it is much better for all concerned that the truth of the vineyard story should be known."

With all his heroic efforts to gain a footing in the country, it was not until 1849 that John Bidwell began to acquire wealth, he then being thirty years of age. His mine yielded richly, and with his experience of eight years in California he fully realized the value of land, and in this early day he acquired title to the Rancho Chico, a princely possession which he has been continuously reducing in area, and which yet contains about twenty-three thousand acres. As may be readily seen by those who have followed this story, land in those days was to be had for the asking. There was no price on land, for the reason that any one could take his choice from the millions of idle acres unclaimed by any man. We have read in the life of Warren Hastings of there being placed at his disposal the gold accumulated for ages in the temples of India. No less opportunity was offered to the early settlers in California, save that time was required to realize on the land acquired. The majority of men were not content to do this in that era of wild excitement. Nor is it possible that the most visionary prophet of the day ever dreamed that within the lifetime of one man California would advance with such strides in point of population and production. Then it was known that wheat could be grown successfully. It was was not conceived possible that before fifty years the productive enterprises would exceed in number those of any Eastern state. It is not only the improbable, but what might very readily have been termed the impossible, that has happened.

Probably when John Bidwell secured his thousands of acres his fancy prompted him to look forward to that day when he would be surrounded with rich grain fields and increasing herds and he would take his place on a footing of equality with the easy-going Mexican ranchers whose herds had roamed the valleys for a hundred years. Unless he were more etherial, more visionary, in the days of his younger manhood than he is today, his visions never went beyond that point.

But there is a striking contrast between the methods adopted by Bidwell and those of many other Americans who were then acquiring land. Scattered all over California were small settlements of "Mission" Indians, and it has been the almost universal custom, as the Americans settled the country to drive the Indians back, until today they occupy, principally, undesirable locations. But Bidwell was the William Penn of California. The Indians he found upon the Rancho Chico, or their descendants, are there today, and every Sunday the General's most estimable wife meets them in

the Sabbath school and expounds to them the Gospel of the Lord. For their education and Christianization, a church and school house have been provided and maintained by the General. But not only have these Indians been instructed in these lines. General Bidwell has been to them a father, a friend, a defender, and in a paternal way has led them upward in the art of making an honest living successfully.

Although California passed into the hands of the United States in 1847, it was not until 1849 that a convention was called to frame a constitution for the State. Although not versed in legal lore, and though but thirty years of age, the neighbors of John Bidwell chose him to represent them in the convention, and the same year he was chosen a member of the upper house of the first Legislature of the new State of California. From that time on General Bidwell devoted his attention principally to his ranch, selling off portions of it from time to time, as fast as there was any demand for it, and especially has he made it easy for poor people to secure land from him, as is shown by the fact that a number of working women, with families to support, have bought of him and have been able to pay for their property. In the improvement of his land the General has been progressive in the extreme, and has been anxious for years to reduce his holdings that he might be able to carry out plans for further improvements.

As tending to show the public spirit of the General, we can point to his purchase of many acres a few years ago, at $160 an acre, that he might grant to a planing mill enterprise, in which he had no personal interest, a right of way into Chico with a flume. Later on, he made donations from this land he had bought to the State for a forestry station and for a normal school, and these are but a few of the many liberal donations for public purposes.

It was from this work of developing his ranch that he was called in 1860 to represent California in the Charleston Convention. It is needless to go into the details of the work of that convention which represented a faction of the Democratic party. Of the entire California delegation Bidwell alone stood loyal to the Union, and when it became apparent that his party championed secession, he went over to the Republican party and remained with it until the war issues were permanently settled. In 1863 he accepted from Governor Stanford an appointment to the command of the Fifth Brigade California Militia, a position he held to the close of the war, and in 1864 he was a delegate to the National Republican Convention that renominated President Lincoln, and in the same year he was elected to Congress by the Republicans of his district,

where he was made chairman of the Committee on Agriculture. During all the war period he stood as a most prominent defender of his country, in a State where public sentiment was nearly evenly divided between the North and South; and it is not strange that public sentiment was divided in a State the northern limit of which is in the latitude of New England, and whose southern limit is on a line with Florida Keys. Had it not been for such determined patriots as Starr King, who believed patriotism next to godliness, and John Bidwell, whose love of native land was as broad as the nation he had traversed, and whose opposition to slavery was based on a belief in the brotherhood of man, California would have been a burden on the Union at a time when it could but poorly bear added burdens. As it was, the patriots at home were able to keep in comparative subjection the spirit of rebellion which often manifested itself, and in choosing John Bidwell as the commander of a brigade of militia, at such a time, Governor Stanford conferred upon him no empty title.

We have not at hand the detailed record of General Bidwell in Congress, nor would there be occasion to follow his acts carefully during all the important events of that remarkable Congress. We can but speak generally of his record upon the issues which were of prime importance in that epoch.

General Bidwell was never an orator. It is improbable that he ever distinguished himself by a flowery speech in Congress. He was neither of that class who are supposed to be wise because of their fluency of speech, nor of that class who are supposed to be thoughtful because they never speak. He is one of the most deliberate speakers the writer has ever met, both in private conversation and in public. With the instincts of a judge, he weighs his every word as though it were a nugget of gold, and when sentence is pronounced it is always to confer the utmost happiness upon the culprit at the bar.

There has been an attack made upon General Bidwell's record in Congress which deserves a few words at this time. We are told that he supported a measure to aid the "wine and brandy interests" of the State by lowering the tax upon them. We have no authority upon which to contradict the report. In that era the manufacture of wine in California was a new "industry." It was alleged that the light wines of California were a temperance-promoting beverage, and it would seem that for a few years General Bidwell believed in this fallacy himself. At that time (1866) he had some eight or ten acres of wine grapes on his own ranch. When he

returned from Congress, however, and found from his own observation that California wine is conducive to intemperance instead of temperance, and proceeded to destroy his vineyard, it would seem that that act wiped out his record in Congress completely. And insomuch as the Prohibitionists are content to accept his antagonism to the "wine industry" for twenty-five years as all sufficient, it would seem to place him beyond the criticism of newspapers which do not themselves hesitate at the present time to uphold the grog shop.

But this attack upon General Bidwell is particularly malicious, coming as it did in the form of an anonymous circular distributed at the National Convention of 1892 for the sole purpose of preventing his nomination. There was also some reason to believe that it came from members of his own party in his own State. Unfortunately, there are three or four mischief makers in the Prohibition party in California. They have a record running far back. They came near wrecking the Independent Order of Good Templars, they sowed dissension in the Woman's Christian Temperance Union and finally carried their quarrel into the Prohibition party; they were expelled from party leadership in their own county and were driven in disgrace from prominence in the State organization; it was the misfortune of General Bidwell to be called by the party to State leadership and thus incur their opposition.

In 1868 General Bidwell was married to a daughter of Hon. Joseph C. G. Kennedy. The latter was one of the most prominent citizens of the National Capital and was widely known for his intelligence and benevolent character. Mrs. Bidwell had been a leader in Washington society, and the wedding was attended by President Johnson, Generals Grant and Sherman, and many of the best known people at the capital. They had first met when General Bidwell was a member of the Thirty-ninth Congress.

Mrs. Bidwell is one of the noble women of the age. Stepping out from the fashionable society of Washington she did not deem even the ignorant Indians on Rancho Chico beneath her notice. She entered with enthusiasm into all the General's plans for educating and Christianizing them. She even took upon herself the task of meeting them in gatherings each day for a series of years, that she might teach them in both worldly and spiritual affairs, and on the Sabbath it has been her custom to gather the Indians in a chapel built for the purpose and conduct religious services.

She has also been an active worker in the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and she and General Bidwell, who are both

members of the Presbyterian Church, have made most liberal donations for evangelical work.

Frances Gurley Elderkin, corresponding secretary of the Los Angeles Presbyterial Society, makes the following a part of her annual report for March, 1892:

"My friends, we have today in California one Missionary Auxiliary which does not appear upon any Presbyterial Society's rolls—I refer to one organized last May among the Indians at Rancho Chico, the well-known home of General John Bidwell, in Butte County, north of Sacramento.

"Mrs. Bidwell's work among the Indians began shortly after her marriage in 1868. At that time the Indians in that locality spoke but little English—indeed the women and children, Mrs. Bidwell tells us, could only respond to her words 'with a nod or a smile'—but through her unwearying efforts, earnest and unceasing prayers, and enduring patience and faithfulness, they have become an intelligent, law-abiding company of Christians—whose Sunday morning service in the Chapel, long since lovingly provided for them and their children, would dispel forever any doubt as to the reality of the religion of Jesus Christ.

"They have not only been taught to read and write, but in every undertaking of their lives, one precious theme has been kept before them: 'The dear Redeemer and His amazing love!' Listening today to their hymns of praise as with one voice they sing, 'Jesus, lover of my soul', and 'I love to think of Jesus, as He sat beside the sea', our hearts are filled with tenderness, and our eyes with tears of thanksgiving for all the ways in which God has led this dear disciple in her work for the honor and glory of the Master among these people.

"During a visit to Rancho Chico, last May, I was so impressed with all I saw, not only at the Chapel services, but in frequent visits to the Indian homes, and in 'talks' with them, that I said in my heart, 'Why not organize a Missionary Society among these Indians?' We talked the matter over and Mrs. Bidwell being heartily desirous in regard to the project, it was finally agreed that on the following Sunday morning I should present the matter to the Indians themselves for their consideration.

"A drive through beautiful orchards brought us on Sunday to the Chapel. How I wish I could carry every earnest Presbyterian woman in America to a Sunday morning service at Rancho Chico. Indeed one could never afterward question the presence or the power of the Holy Spirit. After a few moments of greeting with

each family, Mrs. Bidwell conducted the usual opening exercises, touching in their simplicity, and in that 'all the people praised God with one voice.'

"After the exercises were concluded, she explained to the Indians in a few words our desire to help them organize a Missionary Society, and all about the *meaning* of such an organization. Their intelligence on the subject was marvelous—proving how carefully and conscientiously God's word had been taught them during all the months and years before. Mrs. Bidwell then said to them, in substance, 'I am going to attend service in town this morning, but I shall pray that you may understand your whole duty in this matter,' and she left me with them. * * * * * *

"That week passed and another, without any definite outcome in the matter, but the second Sunday morning came and with it a large attendance at the Chapel. After the singing of several hymns, the reading of the scriptures, and a heartfelt prayer in which at the close all the Indians joined, Mrs. Bidwell asked them their decision about forming a Missionary Society. There was a silence for a few moments, then one of the most intelligent men among them arose and said: 'We all say we will have Missionary Society, for we want to act from principle. When we are dead we do not want our children to say we did nothing for other Indians. When Mrs. Bidwell came to live at Rancho Chico years ago, she brought her religion with her. She did not say, 'I have got something good—the Bible in my heart—I not give any to these Indians', but she tell us all about it, and *that Bible* gave us and our children this church —that Bible gave us this dress, instead of our Indian dress—that Bible gave us our houses and our gardens, and gave our children schools—that Bible teach us how to live good lives, and tell us about the Holy Spirit who fills our hearts with good thoughts and love for Jesus, and now we will give other Indians—the Colusa Indians—some of our good things too.' And so the *first Missionary Society* among California Indians was started in May, 1891."

The work of Mrs. Bidwell is so closely allied with the work of our leader that few will ever know the part she is bearing. During the present campaign, when there are so many demands on the time of the General, Mrs. Bidwell is more than an amanuensis to him. She has charge of the correspondence, and so intimately acquainted is she with his views on all manner of subjects that the probability of any given letter being referred to the General for an answer is very remote. The letters are written by Mrs. Bidwell, in the majority of cases, but they represent the General's views none the

less. In few cases are man and wife so well acquainted with one another as are General and Mrs. Bidwell.

Bidwell declined a renomination for Congress in 1867. He never sought office. His personal inclination was to devote his time to his magnificent property. But he never hesitated to speak for principles. When, in speaking to the California Prohibition Convention this year (1892), after declining to allow the convention to endorse him for the Presidency, he spoke words of fatherly advice, called forth by the love for him there manifest. He said, referring to the forthcoming platform:

"Do not entangle yourselves with details; but give plainly the principles involved in the campaign." One might think that had been the motto of his life. He had stood for patriotic principles at the Charleston Convention, and when he saw his party leaving those principles, he entered the party which stood as their champion. He remained in that party so long as the principles involved were at issue. When those principles were established, as a part of the law of the land, he saw that the machinery which had worked out the principles had exhausted its mission. If a simile be allowed: He knew the log had been sawed in two. He did not believe in agitating the saw where it could accomplish nothing. He went to a new log and continued his work.

The evils which were growing out of the Pacific railroad monopolies were beginning to attract attention shortly after the completion of the roads. The companies, which had been greatly aided by the Government, had no sooner got all they had asked than they began to repudiate their obligations to their benefactors. Not only did they defy the Government, but they corrupted all the branches of the State Government and the railroad President practically became the ruler of the people. In view of the vast power of the railroad, the politicians of both parties were forced into submission. To rise in rebellion meant the abandonment of all personal ambition.

No politician dared to take the lead. But there was one man who had no personal ambition to gratify. Regardless of personal consequences, John Bidwell threw his whole force against, not the railroads, but their corrupting, domineering methods. People flocked to his leadership and in 1875 they named him as their candidate for Governor. It was a fight of manhood against gold, and gold won. But Bidwell polled a vote of over 30,000. The railroads won, but they had learned to fear the people, and never

since have they been quite so audacious in their antagonism to popular government.

General Bidwell had always had strong temperance convictions, and in 1876 he cast his first Prohibition vote, for Green Clay Smith, nominee for the Presidency.

In 1882 he gave most hearty support to that grand pioneer of Prohibition, Dr. R. H. McDonald, who had been nominated for the Governorship, and in 1884 he supported John P. St. John for the Presidency.

One of the events in the life of General Bidwell which will long be remembered was his elevation to the chairmanship of the convention of 1890. It was no ordinary event. It was the most tempestuous scene probably ever witnessed in any political convention in the State of California. The Chairman of the State Central Committee had held his office for a series of years in opposition to the vast majority of the members of the party, and two years before had been forced upon the convention, and the convention had only submitted to preserve peace. In 1890 the convention was resolved to no longer submit. The State Executive Committee, composed of friends of the chairman, reported plans for the convention, and arrogated to themselves the privilege of naming the chairman. They selected the old chairman of the Central Committee. This man, who was then presiding, ruled that the convention could not go back of the report of the committee, but must allow himself to preside. Delegates appealed from the decision to the convention, and the chair refused to entertain the appeal. It was the most absurd and autocratic decision ever rendered by the chairman of any deliberative assembly, and the convention went wild with anger. It was two or three men against a multitude, but the two or three seemed to be in charge and were determined to hold control if they ground parliamentary law to powder. For a half an hour the storm raged. At last some man called out the magic word, "Bidwell." He was near by and a delegation rushed after him. They forced him to the chair and crowded the chairman back. He took the chair, and said, "Gentlemen, we will have no gag law here." Cheer after cheer went up for the grand new leader of the party, and there was no gag law, but everything went off peacefully and harmoniously. Later in the convention his name was brought forward for the Governorship, and despite his remonstrance he was nominated and made an excellent campaign.

When the California State Convention met in Fresno this year Bidwell was there again, but for a short time. The next day the

National Editiorial Association was to join the people of Chico in a picnic in the grove about his house. He had come to the State Convention with a mission. It was understood that he would be endorsed for the Presidency by the convention. He had come to tell his many friends that this must not be done. When he stepped upon the platform and thanked the delegates for the great consideration the party had always shown him, his voice trembled with emotion, that interfered with his speech, and tears rolled from his eyes. The love of the people for the grand old man of the Pacific, and his love of the principle and the members of the party were so great that the thousand people in the hall were spellbound. The General could not speak for his emotion, and the people could only shed tears in sympathy with his tears. At last he gained his voice. He told them how proud he was to be even mentioned by the greatest of all parties for so exalted a position. But the interests of his party and his own health, he said, forbade his acceptance. He paid a glowing tribute to the noble man who had led the party in 1884, and said St. John was the man the party should nominate. He talked to the delegates as a father to his children, and then he took the train for his home.

It was in deference to his wishes that the convention refrained from endorsing him, but when it was learned at Cincinnati that St. John had secured his consent to accept the nomination, every delegate from California, without instructions, recorded his vote for John Bidwell.

The National Convention which chose General Bidwell as its standard bearer met in Music Hall, Cincinnati, June 29, 1892. It was opened by that matchless leader, Chairman Samuel Dickie, of Michigan, and all but two States were represented on the floor. From beginning to end the convention was most enthusiastic, and the names of three able and most worthy Prohibitionists were before the convention for consideration. Ex-Governor John P. St. John had been urged by many friends to allow his name to be used. It is a singular coincidence, and we do not know of its parallel in the history of the country, that while the Ex-Governor was creating a Bidwell boom, Bidwell was doing his best to secure the nomination of St. John, even preventing his own State Convention from mentioning his name for the Presidency.

There are but two more events to be mentioned regarding the life of General John Bidwell in this sketch, his nomination and letter of acceptance. Each of those subjects will be found herewith, under a separate heading.

The Prohibitionists have no excuse to offer for the nomination

of General Bidwell. In naming him for the high office, for the first time in American history, a political party has gone beyond the Mississippi for a candidate. It is a tribute the party has paid to that stalwart race of men who have carved out the institutions of the great West, and yet we believe the tribute was deserved. It is deserved by the people of the West and by the heroic individual named. We believe he is a man of Presidential stature, morally, socially and physically; a man whom the party can trustingly ask you to measure by any yardstick you are accustomed to measure your candidates with.

DR. JAMES B. CRANFILL.

When in the National Convention it was suggested that the candidate for Vice-President be drawn from the South, some one said: "If you are going South, *go* South," and they did. They went to the very coast of the great gulf. And they chose a man beloved by all the moral people and feared by all the immoral people of the great New South. We use that phrase New South with all due reverence, for it never occurs to us but with thoughts of that matchless hero, Grady, and of that most eminent divine, Dixon, and of that Cartwright of the South, Cranfill. Were we asked to name three men of the new generation in the New South who have stirred the souls and purposes of mankind most in the past score of years, we would name them thus: Grady, Dixon, Cranfill. Heroes all, and marked heroes, for we of the new generation in the New North have no names to print with theirs in parallel columns.

They *did* go South, and going South, they found that matchless hero, the big, whole-hearted, noble Cranfill. Perhaps it was because of his stature, or because of the breadth of his mind, or because of the all-embracing heart of him, that they couldn't help but find him. Be that as it may, they found him. And right royally welcome is he to the high post of honor, say we all.

But *California and Texas!* What combination is this? What think those old parties that twenty years ago wrapped themselves in the robes of sectionalism and lay them down to Rip Van Winkle slumber? What! a national party? True enough! a national party! A party that dares to invade any State in the whole broad land and crown an honored son, regardless of whether his father wore the blue or the gray.

See them now, those old parties robed in the tattered garments of sectionalism. Slowly their eyes are opened. They gaze about in mute surprise. The stupor passes gradually away. To hide their nakedness they draw their rags of dead issues closer about them. They rise to their feet, and stagger (it is a good word) toward their old haunts. The scenes are shifted. The friends are gone. The

people believe the Rip Van Winkles are dead. No one but themselves believe that they still live. Their time of action is over, and they do die. And out in yonder grave yard the kind neighbors lay them away.

"Dust thou art, to dust returneth, was not spoken of the soul." The souls of the old parties abide in the glowing pages of history. But in yonder cemetery two gaping graves are waiting.

Dr. James Britton Cranfill was born in Parker county, Texas, September 12th, 1857. His father and mother were natives of Kentucky. They married when quite young and moved from Kentucky to Texas in 1849, first settling in the eastern portion of the state. True to their pioneer cast of mind, in 1856 they moved to Parker county, which was that year organized, and was then on the remote frontier. There were very few inhabitants in that section at the time, and the country was subject to oft recurring and deadly depredations by the Comanche Indians. Thirteen years after the birth of the subject of this sketch his cousin, Boyd Cranfill, was murdered by the Comanche Indians within a few hundred yards from where he was born.

The name Cranfill is said by a tradition in the family to be a corruption of the English name Granville. Dr. Cranfill's ancestors on his father's side removed from England to America some two hundred years ago, and the branch of the family from which he is descended, subsequently settled in the Carolinas, later on following the fortunes of Daniel Boone, in Kentucky. His mother was a Galloway and was of Irish extraction. The family tradition is that her ancestors came from Galway, Ireland. Her grandmother on her father's side was a German woman, whose maiden name was Hockersmith. Dr. Cranfill's grandmother on his father's side was an Eaton. As far back as the family history is traced his ancestors, on both sides, were religious and usually Baptists.

Dr. Cranfill's father combined the callings of farmer, preacher and country physician. He was of a restless and mercurial temperament, and never remained at one place for any great length of time. In common with the early settlers, he paid great attention to the stock business, and his son received training as a farmer boy and a cow boy. His educational advantages were necessarily limited. He would attend to the work of the farm and look after the stock about nine months of each year and about three months would be in school. The schools in Texas at that period of his life were very much better than is commonly supposed, and possessing a very vivacious and active intellect, he was enabled by pursuing his studies during his long vacations, to take his place with the

classes when he returned to school. It was a characteristic of him in school to stand at the head of his classes, and his ambition and thirst for knowledge led him to tie his school books to his saddle and pick opportunities as best he could to study them while engaged in following the beef trails. In this way he read thousands of pages, becoming familiar with most branches of English literature.

At the age of seventeen his father allowed him to begin life on his own account, and that year he worked for his father on a salary, taking charge with his brother of the stock and also superintending the farm. At the age of nineteen, his father having moved and located in a distant county, he sought occupation as a teacher in a country school in Crawford, McLennan county. It was here he met the lady who was to be his wife, and at the age of twenty he was married to Miss Ollie Allen, of Crawford. His marriage terminated his experience as a school teacher, and soon thereafter he began vigorously the prosecution of his medical studies. Having successfully passed his examinations, he began practicing his profession at Turnersville, Coyrell county. Being a young man and without means he confronted numerous difficulties. His characteristic perseverance and energy, however, brought him fair success in his experience as a doctor. In 1881 he began the publication of a small paper, called the Turnersville Effort. The first issue appeared February 1st of that year. His strong journalistic inclinations, which had been growing for some years, eventuated the next year in the establishment of a weekly paper at Gatesville, the county seat of the county. Gatesville at that time had the promise of a railroad, and all lines of business received a great impetus. Dr. Cranfill moved his family and entire business to that place, and the first issue of the Weekly Advance appeared in June, 1882. It at once became a very popular paper and was eagerly sought after. In the meantime Dr. Cranfill had engaged in the drug and general merchandise business, which interest he also moved to Gatesville. Having purchased the entire stock from his friend, Mr. John B. Nichols, now of Crawford, on credit, he soon found that he would have to make an assignment. This he did in July, 1883, equitably dividing his effects among his creditors. Not satisfied with this, however, he gave his note for balances due, all of which he subsequently paid in full.

His mother was a very ardent believer in temperance and prohibition, and being her youngest child and spending a great deal of time with her, he imbibed her views early in life. Her opposition to all forms of the liquor traffic was phenomenal. She had no tolerance for drinking, in any form. To her Dr. Cranfill ascribes more

than to any person, living or dead, the impulses that have shaped his life. After her death he wrote "A Tribute to the Memory of Mother", that has been published far and wide and placed in many scrap books.

In 1884 Dr. Cranfill's paper openly and vigorously espoused the cause of prohibition, and his power and influence were felt not only in his own county, but throughout the entire state. Through the influence of his paper and his lectures more than a dozen temperance lodges were organized in his county, and the saloons which were arrogant and boastful when he moved to Gatesville, became unpopular and poorly patronized. In the meantime he had considerable trouble with the mob element in his county. It was customary in the early days in Texas for vigilance committees to mete out summary punishment to offenders against the law, and this was kept up even after the counties were organized and civilization inaugurated. About this time a young and innocent lad, by the name of Deering, was hanged by a Coryell county mob. Dr. Cranfill's paper denounced it as a fiendish murder, and insisted that they be hunted down and suffer the extreme penalty of the law. Smarting under his denunciations, the mob sent one of their number to him and informed him that if he did not cease his invectives against them they would hang him. To this he replied that they could come on—that he would die defending the right. For months he daily expected assassination, but he was cast in the mould of the intrepid and fearless pioneer, and being a capital pistol shot he cooly pursued his policy of strongly advocating law and order. He was once waylaid, and threats were constantly made by the lawless element to take his life, but he never winced at their threats, and with the co-operation of J. H. Lanhan, Sheriff of the county, he remained in the county to see lawlessness give way to peace and order.

In 1884 he connected himself with the Baptist church at Gatesville, and for three years was teacher of the principal Bible class in the Sunday school. At this time he was a very ardent Democrat, and when the news of Cleveland's election electrified the South, he was one of the speakers at the ratification meeting in his town. He was a delegate the same year to the Democratic Convention which met in Houston, and introduced in that convention a resolution against the liquor traffic. It was very promptly laid upon the table, and one delegate facetiously moved to lay the originator "under the table." This, however, did not shake Dr. Cranfill's faith in the party of his fathers. He early became locally prominent in politics, and was frequently urged to seek offices, which he

always declined to do. He continued to write and speak about saloons, denouncing the liquor traffic as the sum of all crimes, and inimical to civilization and good government.

In 1886, by a shrewd combination of the anti-Prohibitionists in his precinct he was defeated for delegate to the State Democratic Convention. He, however, attended it, and went before the platform committee, asking for an expression from the convention favorable to a submission of a prohibition amendment for the State. This the committee declined to recommend, but instead, recommended the local option plank that has evoked so much discussion in Democratic circles in the State. It is a notable fact that Hon. D. M. Prendergrast, the present Prohibition candidate for Governor of Texas, was a member of the platform committee, before whom Dr. Cranfill made his plea. Failing to win the platform committee to his view he sought to have a resolution introduced in the convention itself, but the chairman of the convention would recognize none of the men who had promised to introduce the resolution and the matter went by default. The attitude of the party in this convention, and the fact that they nominated a gentleman for Governor who was notoriously committed against prohibition convinced Dr. Cranfill that there was no hope of securing prohibition through his party, and he went home resolved on organizing the Prohibition party in Texas. To one not familiar with Texas affairs it would be difficult to understand the gravity to a young man of such a movement. In that State there is a Democratic majority of over 150,000. To leave the party meant political ostracism, and the apparent surrender of all hope of political preferment for all time to come. Dr. Cranfill was not a disappointed office seeker. He had never been an applicant for any position. He stood in the attitude of a lover of God and his country, resolved to do right. Like Daniel when he went into the lion's den he dared to obey the voice of his conscience and his God; feeling thus, he faced the issue and burned the bridges behind him.

At that time he had a partner in his paper—Mr. John Post—now of Troy, Alabama, and on his return home he proposed to buy Mr. Post's interest in the paper, informing him of his change on political questions and of his conviction that a change of policy would probably destroy the financial value of the paper. Mr. Post, although still a Democrat, told him to go ahead and he would stand by him. The following week Dr. Cranfill published a call in his paper which was copied throughout the State, for the State Prohibition Convention to assemble in Dallas on September 7, 1886. The convention met as called, and nominated a full State

ticket. Through the influence of the Advance, Dr. Cranfill's paper, and other agencies, the Prohibition vote reached nearly 20,000 and the party sprang at once into prominence in the State. The Democratic leaders found that the prohibition issue could no longer be ignored, and in February, 1887, they agreed to submit a prohibition amendment to a popular vote. The amendment was framed by its enemies, who did their best to murder it before it was born, and was hampered by the deformities visited upon it by an unfriendly Legislature and Governor, but Prohibitionists were forced to accept the issue. The vote was ordered to be taken August 4th. In the mean time, Dr. Cranfill desiring a larger field had moved to Waco and began the publication of the Waco Advance the first week of January, 1887. Its circulation increased rapidly, and when the amendment was submitted to the people it was regarded as the leading exponent of the prohibition idea in the State. A Prohibition State Convention was held and was very largely attended. Dr. Cranfill made the financial speech of the occasion and secured a collection of $15,000. The history of the campaign is a memorable one. The liquor men made a wise and judicious fight, which was characterized by their usual unscrupulousness and deception. Dr. Cranfill began the publication of the Waco Daily Advance, in addition to the weekly, and also advocated the amendment in a number of speeches during the campaign. Among the noted epochs of his life was a public discussion between himself and Hon. R. Q. Mills, who was a very bitter opponent of prohibition. The debate was held at Crawford, McLennan County, where years before Dr. Cranfill had taught the village school. An enormous audience was present, all expecting to see the distinguished Congressman devour the Prohibition editor. But the devouring came the other way. Mr. Mills was utterly routed and was so chagrined at his defeat that he left town that night on a freight train. Dr. Cranfill was serenaded by the string band of the town, and his triumph over the great Democrat is well remembered by the citizens of Crawford. He was recording secretary of the State Campaign Committee, and was universally regarded by all parties as one of the ablest champions of the movement in the State. During the progress of the campaign he carried his life in his hands, and an open attempt was made to assassinate him on the streets of Waco. He winced at none of these things, and persisted in impaling the liquor traffic, and discomfiting its friends. When the vote was counted it was found that the Prohibition amendment had received in round numbers 130,000 votes. The machinery of both the Democratic and Republican parties was used against the amendment and the plat-

form of the liquor men sagely declared that the movement was both "anti-Republican and un-Democratic." After the defeat of the Prohibition amendment, Dr. Cranfill continued the publication of his paper, but a large number of the advocates of prohibition had become discouraged by the failure to carry the amendment, and his paper suffered greatly from lack of patronage. He had lost heavily on his daily, and these losses were augmented by constant losses on his weekly. In 1888 he sold his paper to W. B. Knowles, of Dallas, and found that he had lost $5000, the earnings of his entire lifetime, and had accumulated also heavy indebtedness. The campaign committee had also fallen heavily in debt, and Dr. Cranfill had worked until a reasonable amount had been collected with which to partially liquidate the indebtedness of the committee. It is perhaps proper to state in this connection that every cent of the amount he owed at the expiration of the campaign has been paid, although it has taken his utmost energies since that time to cover the losses. In 1888 he was chosen as one of the financial representatives of Baylor University, the leading Baptist college in the State, and achieved such success that in January, 1889, he was chosen to take charge of the entire financial agency of the institution. In the fall of the same year when the Baptist State Convention met at Houston, he was chosen to the superintendency of State Missions, which is the leading position in the Baptist denomination in the State. Into this work he put his entire energies, and at the end of the year 1891 it was shown that he had raised more money for State mission work than had ever been raised by any secretary of any religious body for a corresponding period of time in any State in the Union.

In March, 1892, he with Rev. M. V. Smith, pastor of the Baptist church at Belton, purchased the Baptist Standard of Waco, Texas, which he now publishes, and which is the leading Baptist paper of the state. He has the confidence and esteem of the Baptists of the state, as well as of all other denominations. In January, 1890, Dr. Cranfill was ordained as a Baptist preacher, by the First Baptist church of Waco, and he is regarded as one of the ablest ministers of his denomination in the state.

In July, 1891, when the Baptists of America organized their National Young People's Union, Dr. Cranfill was chosen as one of the three vice-presidents of the organization, and in July this year was elected First Vice-President. This movement has assumed great proportion in his denomination, and he is its very enthusiastic supporter.

Dr. Cranfill is noted for his pungency as a writer and speaker,

and for his conscientiousness and energy in everything he undertakes. He is a member of the National Reform Press Association, and in hearty sympathy with the current labor movement. His views against sectionalism are very strong and he has sought to impress them on the public in many ways. In appearance he is dignified and prepossessing, and in size is far above the average, weighing 220 pounds. He has done considerable literary work; some of his productions have been published over and over again. He has two children: a daughter, fifteen, and a son, eleven years of age. He has one brother, Dr. T. E. Cranfill, of Waco, who is a practicing physician, and two sisters, both of whom are married. His father is still living and resides at Gatesville, Texas. In discussion Dr. Cranfill is generous and humorous, and he is distinguished for his wit, both on the platform and in private life.

NAMING CANDIDATES.

The following is the aceount of the nominating of candidates as it appeared in the New York Voice:

"The final session of the convention, Thursday evening, was opened with music by The Liberator band. Prayer was offered by Rev. J. W. Hagans, of Indiana.

"The roll of States was then called for nominations for President. Alabama and Arkansas had no candidate to present. California called on Mr. St. John, of Kansas, to place General Bidwell in nomination. St. John said:

" 'It affords me not only a great pleasure but what I esteem to be one of the most distinguished honors of my life to present the name of California's candidate for President. He went to that State long before it was admitted into the Union; went there in 1841, when a mere boy. The man to whom I refer is in every respect a self-made man. Starting out in the world without education and without means, by his own efforts he has made his way; edueated himself, and is today one of the best posted of men, possessed of a thorough education. He is a man who has always been in sympathy with the great body of the people; a man who knows what it is to live in a dugout; a man who knows what it is to have his hands blistered and calloused; a man who knows what it is to dig deep in the mines and work his way by the sweat of his brow; a man who knows what it is to be among and in sympathy with the men of this country. This man has served a term in Congress."

"Ex-Governor St. John then referred in scathing terms to the unsigned dodgers which had been eirculated among the delegates on the eve of the nominations attacking the charaeter and record of General Bidwell. Continuing, he said:

" 'This man served a term in Congress and it is said that he voted for the Pacific Railway land grant. He lived in California, that eountry so far away, and if he had not voted for this grant he would have voted against the best wishes of his constituents. He was sent there to represent them. [Applause.] He cast a ballot that met the approval of the people that sent him. Another objection is that he voted against taxing wines. God bless him. [Cries

of 'Amen.'] The greatest evil is that we impose a tax and take a revenue. Suppose he was wrong then. It is better to have been wrong then and right now than to have been a man then and a monkey now. [Applause.]

"'The man whose name I present to you, when his eonseience told him that the manufacture and sale of wine was wrong, ealled his men to him and sent them to the vineyard and dug it up, root and braneh, and burned it. [Applause.] He was a eandidate of the Prohibition Party of California in 1890 and polled more votes than were ever given for any man in that State. During all these years his neighbors, the people of that State, never cireulated a single seandal against him.

"'He owns a farm of 23,000 acres, and he works it and gives employment to 250 men on that farm. He has owned it for nearly fifty years. It eame to him from the Mexican Government. When he came into possession of this land there was a little band of Indians on it, and he employed a sehool teaeher, and built them houses and then a ehureh, and the Indians are there, and General Bidwell preaches to them on the Sabbath. [Applause.]

"'The man whose name I present to you is a man grand and broad and generous, a man who is eompetent to fill the position if elected, and God helping us we will eleet him if we ean.

"'It has been said that if he is nominated, when the Omaha convention eonvenes, he will resign in favor of the People's Party nominee. General Bidwell is a true man, and I stand here and give my personal pledge that if he is nominated he will stand until the last ballot is polled in November.' [Applause.]

"Wardwell—'It has been stated that John Bidwell is a very sick man, and is unable to do the duties of this office. Will you please speak on this statement?'

"St. John—'That is untrue unless his wife is mistaken, and she has lived with him for twenty years and was with him yesterday.'

"Colorado, through John Hipp, seeonded the nomination of Bidwell. Connectieut and Florida seeonded Bidwell.

"When Illinois was called Dr. J. G. Evans took the floor and said:

"'Illinois has a favorite son, and we had expeeted to present the name of that grand man for your suffrage tonight. Cireumstances have arisen, however, over which he seems to have no control, that have determined him of necessity to deeline the nomination. I must refrain, therefore, from the very fine speeeh I had provided, and take very great pleasure in seconding the nomination of John Bidwell.'

"Iowa and Kansas seconded Bidwell.

"Col. George W. Bain spoke in part as follows in behalf of Kentucky:

"'It is with pleasure that I second tonight the nomination of California's grandest man, Gen. John Bidwell. [Applause.] In doing so I do not indorse a man I never saw, with whom I have no acquaintance. I became acquainted with him twenty years ago. Standing by the side of Cleveland, he would tower almost eighteen inches above him; and standing by the side of the Republican candidate, he would hide him almost, hat and all.' [Applause.]

"'We are told he was in favor of the wine interest twenty-five years ago. So was Paul in favor of the devil before he was converted. His conversion made him a hero of Christianity. Twenty-five years ago General Bidwell had not studied the temperance question. When the conviction came to him, what did he say? Did he say, 'O, Conviction, wait until I sell my vineyard for half a million dollars?' Or 'Conviction go thy way, at a more convenient season I will call for thee?' Did he? He said rather, 'Go, cut up that vineyard; take that wine from the storehouse and give it to the sick; so help me God, I will never take another dime from it.' [Applause.]

"'Some say he cannot make an active campaign. His temperance record in a campaign would be worth 50,000 speeches.'

"Volney B. Cushing said: 'The good old State of Maine, which has been a Prohibition Hercules for forty years, seconds the nomination of that Hercules of Prohibitionists of the Pacific coast, Gen. John Bidwell.'

"Walcott Hamlin, of Massachusetts, pledged the loyal support of the Bay State to the nominee of the convention, whoever he might be.

"Chairman Samuel Dickie, speaking for Michigan, said:

"'Michigan has a favorite son. She has within her ranks a man known to the Prohibitionists of every State of the Union, a man whom all the Prohibitionists of Michigan know but to love, and, knowing well, are proud to speak his name with honor everywhere. It had been the purpose of the Michigan delegation to show its love, its devotion and its desire to honor this son by a complimentary vote, but that son himself asks that the second ballot be rather expressed at this moment, so you will pardon me if I vary the usual custom and say that he whom Michigan most desires joins in expressing a desire that the Michigan delegation shall second the nomination of Gen. John Bidwell.' [Applause.]

"Minnesota, Missouri, through Dr. John A. Brooks, and Montana seconded the nomination of Bidwell.

"A. G. Wolfenbarger, for eighteen of the twenty-three Nebraska delegates, seconded the nomination of Bidwell.

" 'We ask for this magnificent party of the people a man of the people. We ask for a courageous, faithful founder, a true and tried pioneer. We ask a President who, when elected, will not travel from ocean to ocean with a drunken crowd. [Applause.] We ask a President who will not set the pernicious example to the young manhood of the country of serving five kinds of wine at public banquets, or permit his name to be used in connection with particular brands of brandy. We ask for a President one who will not ask or accept when sent across the sea a forty-three gallon barrel of whisky. [Applause.] We ask for a President one whose brave little wife will not let the wine cup disgrace the table of the White House. Nebraska, through a majority of her delegation, asks for that prince of leaders, that champion, John Bidwell, of the Pacific Coast.'

"Nevada and New Jersey seconded the nomination of Bidwell.

"When New York was called Mr. Wardwell said: 'The State of New York as a delegation has no candidate to present, but it voted seventy-three for Mr. Bidwell and twelve for Mr. Demorest, and under the rule I ask that the friends of Mr. Demorest may be allowed to present his name from New York.'

"John Lloyd Thomas was introduced to present the name of Demorest. Mr. Thomas said 'when the typical leader of the Prohibitionists declined the nomination the great masses of the Prohibition party turned spontaneously to one man in this country, whose name it is not necessary to spell before any man, woman or child in this great land, whose record it is not necessary to vindicate in this country, whose political record it is not necessary to explain to any man in this land of ours, and that man is W. Jennings Demorest, of New York. [Applause.]

" 'When he was nominated the nomination simply voiced the sentiments of those of my brethern and sisters who do not attend our National Convention, but whose votes are cast into the ballot boxes, and whose influence and words are the agencies by which the strength and power of the Prohibition party has been made. In all this controversy there has not been a possibility to wipe out the record made by W. Jennings Demorest during the last eight or ten years. W. Jennings Demorest is a home-vindicator, and there is not a member of our party in this city today who believes the charges that have been made against that noble man during the two or

three days we have been assembled here. Shame friends! The blush of shame should rise to the cheek of those who can claim that the efforts of the men and women who have trained little children to labor and pray for W. Jennings Demorest have been made to satisfy the selfish ambition of any man. I hold in my hand this moment a telegram sent by an old veteran, Horace Waters, of New York City. It was sent up to the desk of the convention, and there it was decided not to read the telegram. Why? It shall be read: 'Am sorry I cannot be with you, and praying that wisdom may be given you to defeat every effort at fusion and compromise. Stand firm and true. Nominate that stalwart Prohibitionist and reformer, W. Jennings Demorest, who will never turn from the middle of the king's highway.

"'One word in conclusion. Let us remember it is not said against any candidate. Thank God those who have nominated Demorest have done so sincerely, honestly, unselfishly, patriotically without any mercenary motives whatever. I say those who have advocated the nomination of Demorest have never uttered a word, whispered a syllable, or printed a line in detraction of any man. Demorest and his friends, in spite of the fact that they honestly believe that this convention has seriously and sadly weakened our platform, will work as loyally, as earnestly, as stanchly as any man in the convention.'

"Grandison, of North Carolina, seconded the nomination of Demorest for a portion of the delegation of that State:

"'We want to put in nomination a man whom every negro in the land knows, and I want to assure you this Prohibition movement will never be a success until the ebony palm of the black man and lily palm of the white man clasp. [Applause.] And I want to say furthermore that we are not going to make any great headway in the South in breaking up the solid party until every time we take a white vote from the Democratic party we take a black vote from the Republican party.' [Applause.]

"North Dakota seconded Bidwell.

"L. B. Logan, speaking for Ohio, said:

"'I have been carved to the heart to think that it should be necessary at this stage of our political campaign to defend the candidates presented to this convention from this platform. It is beginning very early. I have no unkind word to say to either of the names that have been presented.

"'I heard something said about self-made men. The candidate whom I present in the name of Ohio delegates was left an orphan, and at the age of thirteen we find him teaching school in a Buckeye

State. Later we find him at Dubuque on an Abolition paper. After the war he returned to Ohio, where his perseverance and talent have raised him to his present high standing. We say to you that in voting for this man, tested and tried for twenty-three years in the fiery furnace in the birth and struggle of your party, you can make no possible mistake. Twice in the past he has been the unanimous choice of our delegates. First in 1880, when he withdrew in favor of our beloved leader John P. St. John. Men of Maine, land of the rising sun; men of California, where it sets to rest, we nominate the Hon. Gideon T. Stewart [applause], and every utterance of his, whether oral or written, will go to the very heart and leave not a single excuse for apology or defense. Ohio delights to present to you Hon. Gideon T. Stewart, of Newark.'

"A. A. Stevens, in behalf of sixty-six of the eighty delegates from Pennsylvania, seconded the nomination of Bidwell.

"Tallie Morgan, for the remainder of the Pennsylvania delegation, desired to give way to Van Bennett, of Kansas, to second the nomination of Demorest, but this proposal was ruled out by the chair. Mr. Morgan said:

" 'I shall work from this day until the polls close for the nominee of the convention, but I wish to say that the strongest man we can nominate is W. Jennings Demorest, of New York. In correspondence with John P. St. John I came out in the opinion that Demorest was the next strongest man since St. John wrote to me he would not accept the nomination. I believe the convention could not do better than nominate W. Jennings Demorest, of New York, because he is a Prohibitionist. Mr. Chairman, it is for that reason we work for Mr. Demorest. I ask the convention to give its vote to Demorest, and I believe in my heart of hearts he is the strongest man that can be nominated.'

"South Dakota, through A. R. Cornwall, seconded the nomination of Bidwell.

"Tennessee had no candidate to present, but would support the nominee of the convention.

"Vermont seconded Demorest.

"J. W. Wells, for the State of Washington, seconded the nomination of W. Jennings Demorest.

"West Virginia had no candidate.

"Wisconsin said 'Amen' to the nomination of Bidwell.

"Sam Small, in behalf of Georgia, which had been passed when first called, took the floor to second the nomination of Demorest:

" 'We cast these votes for him, gentlemen of this convention, not in any disparagement of the name, the character or the contri-

butions of any other man in the Prohibition Party. We love him because we know him. We respect him because we have confidence in his integrity and in his character. We honor him because of his record which has been presented here, and desire him because we know in the solid South there is not a name in the Prohibition Party that will compare with that of Demorest. We know him and know he is not physicially great, but there isn't a school child in the South that needs to come and ask us, in the terms of the school-day recitation, 'How big is Alexander, pa?' [Applause.]

"'There has never been a greater benefactor of the Prohibition Party than W. Jennings Demorest. And whatever his wealth, he has not hidden it and locked it up, but, thanks be to God, it glitters in silver, gold and diamonds upon the bosoms of our sons and daughters. [Applause.] And, gentlemen, let me tell you, you may drive the steel to the heart of W. Jennings Demorest tonight, but your children will look shame-faced upon your acts in the years to come. He may be marked for slaughter, but, thank God, the day will come in Prohibition conventions, as in other conventions, when the people will elect men and not merely ratify delegates.' [Applause.]

"Hale Johnson, of the Illinois delegation, introduced delegate Patton, who seconded the nomination of Gideon T. Stewart.

"The vote for Presidential candidates was then taken as follows:

	Bidwell	Demorest	Stewart	Bascom
Alabama	4	4	..	..
Arkansas	4	..	..	..
California	13	..	..	..
Colorado	9	2	1	..
Connecticut	14	1	..	..
Delaware	2	..	..	..
Florida	6	..	..	..
Georgia	..	19	..	..
Idaho	..	5	..	..
Illinois	24	13	33	..
Indiana	22	10	6	..
Iowa	24	3	3	..
Kansas	27	..	..	..
Kentucky	22	5	4	..
Louisiana	..	..	..	..
Maine	4	..	3	..
Maryland	12	6	2	..
Massachusetts	24	3	10	..
Michigan	17	6	20	..
Minnesota	22	1	3	..
Mississippi	3	..	..	..
Missouri	22	2	3	..
Montana	3	1	..	..
Nebraska	12	8	..	..
Nevada	1	..	..	..
New Hampshire	2	2	..	..
New Jersey	25	1	2	..
New York	70	12	6	3
North Carolina	9	8	..	..
North Dakota	3	..	1	..
Ohio	2	..	68	..
Oregon	3	..	..	..
Pennsylvania	65	17	3	..
Rhode Island	9	..	..	..
South Carolina	..	..	..	..
South Dakota	3	..	..	..
Tennessee	30	..	..	..
Texas	3	3	5	..
Vermont	11	..	..	..
Virginia	9	8	4	..
Washington	6	..	.	..
West Virginia	9	2	1	..
Wisconsin	32	..	6	..
Wyoming	1	..	..	..
Arizona	..	..	..	..
District of Columbia	..	..	..	..
Totals	*583	142	184	3

* Exact footings. The discrepancies between footings of this list and vote as announced are due to changes before result was announced. The same is true of the Vice-Presidential vote.

"The demonstration was renewed for ten minutes after the secretary had finished announcing the vote, which was finally made as follows: Bidwell, 590; Stewart, 179; Demorest, 139; Bascom, 3.

Col. R. S. Cheves moved to make the nomination of Bidwell unanimous. The motion was seconded by one of Stewart's friends from Ohio, and adopted with a mighty shout. The convention again rose to its feet, and for ten minutes the demonstration which broke loose on the announcement of the former vote was continued.

"A purse of $200 was presented to John Lloyd Thomas by St. John in behalf of the friends of the former gentleman.

"Nominations for Vice-President were then called for and the rules were amended to allow the nominating speakers five minutes each and seconding speakers one minute each.

"Georgia presented the name of Sam W. Small.

"Iowa, through the Chairman of her State delegation, named Col. George W. Bain, of Kentucky.

"Kansas seconded the nomination of Bain.

"Colonel Bain, in a feeling speech, declined to be a candidate.

"When Maryland was called W. Frank Tucker took the floor and presented the name of Joshua Levering, of Baltimore.

"Massachusetts seconded Levering.

"Michigan, through Chairman Dickie, announced itself solid for Levering.

"James P. Pinkhim, of Minnesota, presented the name of W. W. Satterlee for Vice-President.

"Missouri, Montana, Nebraska, New Jersey and North Dakota seconded the nomination of Levering.

"Dunn, of Wisconsin, presented the name of Dr. J. B. Cranfill, of Texas.

"L. G. Jordan, of Pennsylvania, seconded the nomination of Cranfill.

"West Virginia nominated Hon. T. R. Carskadon, the famous farmer of 'Radical Hill.'

"Sam Small declined to become a candidate and seconded the nomination of Cranfill.

"The vote for Vice-Presidential nominee, being taken, stood as follows:

	Levering	Satterlee	Carskadon	Cranfill		Levering	Satterlee	Carskadon	Cranfill
Alabama	..	..	2	4	Nebraska	6	..	..	13
Arkansas	..	..	..	3	Nevada	..	..	..	1
California	10	..	..	3	New Hampshire	3	..	..	..
Colorado	9	..	..	..	New Jersey	27	..	..	1
Connecticut	13	..	..	..	New York	31	..	1	49
Delaware	1	..	..	..	North Carolina	..		..	16
Florida	..	..	..	6	North Dakota	4	..	..	..
Georgia	6	..	..	11	Ohio	30	..	..	40
Idaho	..	..	..	5	Oregon	..	..	..	3
Illinois	29	2	..	39	Pennsylvania	36	..	2	28
Indiana	10	1	1	21	Rhode Island	7	..	..	..
Iowa	12	..	..	12	South Carolina	.	.	..	..
Kansas	22	..	..	3	South Dakota	3		..	..
Kentucky	9	..	..	14	Tennessee	2	..	..	24
Louisiana	..	..	..	..	Texas	..	..	..	10
Maine	6	..	..	1	Vermont	9	..	..	..
Maryland	21	..	..	..	Virginia	1	..	1	14
Massachusetts	17	..	..	6	Washington	6	..	..	..
Michigan	40	..	1	1	West Virginia	..	..	13	..
Minnesota	..	25	..	1	Wisconsin	17	..	..	12
Mississippi	..	..	..	3	Wyoming	1	..	..	..
Missouri	26	1	..	..					
Montana	2	..	1	1	Totals	416	29	22	345*

*See note at foot of preceding table.

"On completion of the roll call it was found that no candidate had received sufficient votes to nominate. Active efforts on the part of Sam Small and others quickly brought about changes notably in Georgia and Illinois, swelling the Cranfill column. The vote as finally announced stood Cranfill, 416; Levering, 356; Satterlee, 26; Carskadon, 3; giving Cranfill the nomination for Vice-President.

"Dr. Cranfill was called on and responded to the shouts and cheers of the delegates in the following brief address:

" 'Ladies and gentlemen of the National Prohibition Convention, if I were to begin at this late hour and make you a long speech it would prove you had made the mistake in nominating me for Vice President. I will say I appreciate most highly the honor conferred on me and my State. I can only say that I will give to this work all that is in me of nerve and heart and brain and soul and energy [applause], and that section from which I come will roll up the largest vote for the Prohibition party that has ever been polled in the Southern States. [Applause.] I shall be loyal to every plank in the National platform, standing upon every one with all my force and defending every one.' " [Great Applause.]

NATIONAL PROHIBITION PLATFORM.

ADOPTED JUNE 30, 1892.

The Prohibition party, in National Convention assembled, acknowledging Almighty God as the source of all true government, and his law as the standard to which all human enactments must conform to secure the blessings of peace and prosperity, presents the following declaration of principles:

1. The liquor traffic is a foe to civilization, the arch enemy of popular government, and a public nuisance. It is a citadel of forces that will corrupt politics, promote poverty and crime, degrade a nation's home life, thwart the will of the people, and deliver the country into the hands of rapacious class interests. All laws that, under the guise of regulation, legalize and protect this traffic, or make the government share in its ill-gotten gains, are "vicious in principle and powerless as a remedy." We declare anew for the entire suppression of the manufacture, sale, importation, exportation and transportation of alcoholic liquors as a beverage, by federal and state legislation, and the full powers of the government should be exerted to secure this result. Any party that fails to recognize the dominant nature of this issue in American politics is undeserving the support of the people.

2. No citizen shall be denied the right to vote on account of sex, and equal labor should receive equal wages without regard to sex.

3. The money of the country should be issued by the general government only, in sufficient quantities to meet the demands of business, and give full opportunity for the employment of labor; to this end an increase in the volume of money is demanded, and no individual or corporation should be allowed to make any profit through its issue. It should be made legal tender for payment of all debts, public and private. Its volume should be fixed at a

definite sum per capita, and made to increase with our increase in population.

4. Tariff should be levied only as a defense against foreign governments, which levy a tariff upon or bar out our products from their markets, revenue being incidental. The residue of means necessary to an economical administration of the government, should be raised by levying a burden on what the people possess, instead of upon what they consume.

5. Railroad, telegraph and other corporations should be controlled by the government, in the interests of the people, and no higher charges allowed than necessary to give fair interest on the capital actually invested.

6. Foreign immigration has become a burden upon industry, one of the factors in depressing wages and causing discontent. Therefore, our immigration laws should be revised, and strictly enforced. The time of residence for naturalization should be extended, and no naturalized person should be allowed to vote until one year after he becomes a citizen.

7. A non-resident should not be allowed to acquire land in this country, and we favor the limitation of individual and corporate ownership in land. All unearned grants of land to railroad companies or other corporations should be reclaimed.

8. The years of inaction and treachery on the part of the Republican and Democratic parties have resulted in the present reign of mob law, and we demand that every citizen be protected in the right of trial by constitutional tribunals.

9. All men should be protected by law in their right to one day's rest in seven.

10. Arbitration is the wisest and most economical and humane method of settling national differences.

11. Speculations in margins covering grains, money and products and the formation of pools, trusts and combinations for the arbitrary advancement of prices should be suppressed.

12. We pledge that the Prohibition party, if elected to power, will ever grant just pensions to disabled veterans of the Union army and navy, their widows and orphans.

13. We stand unequivocally for the American public school, and opposed to any appropriation of public moneys for sectarian schools. We declare that only by the united support of such common schools, taught in the English language, can we hope to become and remain a homogeneous and harmonious people.

14. We arraign the Republican and Democratic parties as false to the standards reared by their founders, as faithless to the

principles of the illustrious leaders of the past, to whom they do homage with their lips; as recreant to the "higher law," which is as inflexible in political affairs as in personal life, and as no longer embodying the aspirations of the American people, or inviting the confidence of enlightened, progressive patriotism. Their protest against the admission of "moral issues" into politics is a confession of their own moral degeneracy. The declaration of an eminent authority that municipal misrule is "one of the conspicuous failures of American politics", follows as a natural consequence such degeneracy, and is true alike for cities under Republican and Democratic control. Each accuses the other of extravagance in congressional appropriations, and both alike are guilty. Each protests when out of power against the infraction of the civil service laws, and each, when in power, violates those laws in both letter and spirit. Each has professed fealty to the interests of the toiling masses, but both covertly truckle to the money power in their administration of public affairs. Even the tariff issue, as represented in the Democratic Mills bill and the Republican McKinley bill, is no longer treated by them as an issue upon great and divergent principles of government, but is a mere catering to different sectional and class interests. The attempt of many states to wrest the Australian ballot system from its true purpose, and so deform it as to render it extremely difficult for new parties to exercise the rights of suffrage, is an outrage upon popular government. The competition of both parties for the vote of the slums, and the assiduous courting of the liquor power, and subserviency to the money power, has resulted in placing those powers in the position of practical arbiters of the destinies of the nation. We renew our protest against these perilous tendencies, and invite all citizens to join us in upbuilding a party that has shown in five national campaigns that it prefers temporary defeat to abandonment of the claims of justice, sobriety, personal rights and the protection of American homes.

Recognizing and declaring that the prohibition of the liquor traffic has become the dominant issue in national politics, we invite to full party fellowship all those who on this one dominant issue are agreed with us, in full belief that this party can and will remove sectional differences, promote national unity, and insure the best welfare of our entire land.

GENERAL BIDWELL'S LETTER OF ACCEPTANCE.

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen of the Committee:

By your polite letter of this date, which I have the honor to receive at your hands, I am formally notified that the National Prohibition Convention in session in the city of Cincinnati, adopted a platform of principles for the coming political campaign, and thereupon conferred upon me the distinguished honor of its nomination for President of the United States.

In accepting the nomination, which I do with misgivings as to my ability to meet the just expectations of the people, permit me to thank you, gentlemen, for the courteous and kindly manner in which you have been pleased to discharge the trust assigned you, and through you, to embrace the occasion to express to the members of the convention and the friends of Prohibition and Reform throughout the country whom you represent, my grateful acknowledgments.

It is scarcely necessary to add that I am overwhelmed with a keen sense of the responsibility which I assume.

Mistakes are possible, but I trust the cause may not suffer in my hands. All I have to plead is unswerving devotion to those great principles and needed reforms which have brought into existence the Prohibition party of the nation.

Those who witnessed the convention in Cincinnati need not be reminded that something of unusual moment had aroused the nation and brought together a representative body of men and women, the equal of which for intelligence and patriotic earnestness has seldom if ever been seen at any former period.

In 1776 our fathers made proclamation of the birth of the nation. Now, having grown to be one of the greatest powers of the earth, the freest and best Government ever devised, the hope of the world, this "grandest governmental fabric of human invention," our beloved American nation is, in the minds of the most thoughtful and intelligent people, drifting unmistakably towards decay, if not to sure and and swift destruction.

Prohibition comes therefore to proclaim, as we believe, the only way of salvation.

There are well founded apprehensions that this nation which we love—this mighty empire of sovereign states—cannot survive unless redeemed from the dangers that jeopardize its existence, prominent among which are that immeasurable evil, the monstrous liquor traffic, and the numerous forms and phases of monopolistic combinations, creating immense wealth in the hands of the few and impoverishing the many. The same causes and processes which have created increasing numbers of millionaires will, if unchecked under the rule of the old political parties, in time turn over the entire nation into the hands of an aristocracy of monster billionaires.

Labor creates the wealth of the country. Without labor there can be no development of resources, no national prosperity. The liquor traffic robs, impoverishes and demoralizes labor, thereby sapping the very foundations of the national fabric.

The liquor traffic is an enormous incubus upon the nation, amounting in cost and consequences to the annual sum of not less than two billions of dollars—four times the amount requisite to pay the annual expenses of the national government, even under the recent expensive administrations.

But it is not necessary further to enumerate; suffice it to say, the liquor traffic is a standing curse; a danger to public health; the prolific source of untold political corruption, crimes, diseases, degradation and death; a public nuisance and a public immorality; in a word, it is an unmitigated and measureless evil without a redeeming feature.

Every consideration of justice, the public welfare, protection to labor, all cry out against this great wrong. The only adequate remedy lies in the entire overthrow of the liquor traffic in every State and Territory.

The liquor power leads, corrupts and dominates both the old political parties. Without the liquor support neither could make another political fight or win a victory.

The Prohibition party asks the intelligent and patriotic people of this nation this question, Are not these charges true? And if true, have we not a right to ask, How can any good man consistently support the infamous saloon business, by longer clinging to the destinies of those parties?

The family is the unit of civilized government. Protect the home and the nation will be protected.

In the name of right and humanity then, let not free, enlightened and Christian America longer injure and degrade woman by

withholding from her that which is her inalienable right, that which will elevate American womanhood, that which will enlarge her usefulness; that which will impart to her greater ability to be the helper and co-worker with man under all circumstances and conditions; that which alone will make woman man's equal before the law and place in her hands the most efficient weapon with which to defend her rights and protect her home. I allude, of course, to that priceless heritage, the ballot.

In doing this Americans should lose no time. Americans, of all people under the sun, are the most nearly ready. Our women know what the ballot is and its power; they are brave enough to ask it because it is their right. They are as a class intelligent, virtuous, self-reliant, womanly, modest.

If we delay, England will take the lead in the emancipation of woman.

The nation that first gives woman equal rights with man will earn a crown of imperishable glory.

The old parties, controlled as they are by the liquor power and by vast monopolistic and other influences, cannot, dare not even propose, much less seriously purpose to overthrow the saloon, grant equal suffrage, or do any other act in the direction of a beneficent reform antagonistic to these controlling influences.

They need them this year for re-election, they will need them next time and on as long as they have an existence. Powerful political parties invariably in time become corrupt, and utterly helpless to right themselves. The only real service they can do is to go out of existence. It is a singular phenomenon that good men will remain in affiliation with such parties and thus lend aid and comfort to the liquor business.

The financial question in our platform is briefly and fairly stated and broad enough to satisfy all reasonable men in these words, "The money of the country should consist of gold, silver and paper." Also that it be "issued by the government only." It should, of course, be in sufficient quantity to meet all demands, and the volume be so increased and adjusted as at all times to respond to the conditions of the country.

Of all the forms used by men to over-reach each other in the scramble for wealth, there is none more oppressive and blighting to labor and business generally than the monopoly of money. Combinations to lock up capital with the view to raise the rate of interest, or to reduce the price of labor or commodities, should be made illegal.

Take farmers, for example. As a class they are compelled to be,

and as a rule are, frugal. Yet there is little doubt that the mortgages which cover their farms indicate with almost unerring certainty the overcharge of interest they are obliged to pay.

The legal rate of interest on money should be made low and reasonable for the benefit of all classes, occupations and industries, and be uniform in all the States. No man ought to be compelled to pay exorbitant interest because he is poor. If his security is doubtful, exacting from him high interest will not increase his ability to pay. As a matter of equity all who honestly and promptly pay should have the benefit of the legal low rate of interest. If combinations may be formed *ad libitum* to accumulate and hoard the money and the wealth of the country, they will soon have it in their power to stop the very wheels of progress—to exercise dangerous control over legislatures, courts and congresses, if not virtually to dictate all the affairs of the nation.

In a wide sense all who pursue useful occupations, professions or callings are laborers. In the busy hive of national industry there is a place for the merchant, the mechanic, the doctor, the teacher, the learned professor, the lawyer, the legislator—in a word, for all who in any manner perform useful or valuable service.

In the common conception of the term laborers, (which I may use) it is usually applied to those who labor with their hands. Happily in this land of freedom and equal rights all labor is regarded as honorable, and none more useful than manual labor.

In order to relieve the labor of the country of its abnormal and often congested condition, there should be the earliest possible revision and restriction of the immigration and naturalization laws of the United States. These laws, so inimical to American labor and the best interests of all, if not purposely enacted, have doubtlessly been kept in force for partisan considerations—for fear of detriment to partisan interests—till our country has become the almost daily scene of riots, lawlessness and bloodshed, and not unfrequently on such scale as to portend if permitted to go unchecked, the possible subversion of all authority. The discord between capital and labor cannot safely be allowed to continue. No matter what the cause it is imperative to remove it.

The general welfare and even the fate of the nation demand that a remedy be found and applied, whether by arbitration or otherwise. Tribunals of adequate jurisdiction can be provided to decide all differences between men or bodies of men, be they large or small, capitalists or laborers, or employers and the employed.

Labor itself has the deepest interest in the general welfare. All its hopes are inseparably associated with the prosperity and des-

tiny of the nation. All intelligent and patriotie Amerieans eoneede that the laboring classes and all elasses have the right to ask and to reeeive ample and adequate protection under just and equal laws.

Intelligent laboring men being in the majority at the polls, must bear in mind their own responsibility in making the laws to whieh themselves and all others are bound to yield obedienee.

That eapital sometimes over-reaches and oppresses labor is doubtless true. There seems to be no limit to human greed.

That labor is sometimes unreasonable and even vieious is also probably true. But lawlessness and lawless combinations of men, the only effeet of whieh is to enervate and destroy, must at once be put under the ban of sevcre publie disapprobation if this eountry is to prosper.

In the national hive there should be no drones. There should be room—and there is room—for all to labor, and all ought to have and must have the right to labor. It is a duty and a right that all men have to earn their bread and support their families. If it be necessary to have organizations as a defenee against capital or competing labor, sueh organizations should be authorized and regulated by law.

Whatever tariffs may do they do not seem adequately if at all to proteet labor. Exeept the partial effort to eheek the introduction of Mongolians our ports are open to all the world to eome and eompete with American labor. There is no tariff on labor.

We must eoneede that all nations have the right to levy tariffs. As Amerieans we are in favor of protecting all Ameriean interests. The tariff proposed by the Demoeratie party and that of the Republiean party differ only in degree—both are sufficiently high to be termed proteetive.

To the objection that tariffs bear unequally—that is to say, that under them the rich pay eomparatively nothing and the masses nearly all the revenue so derived to support the national government—must be added the further objection that they are blinding and deeeptive.

Under the present tariff there is not a man in the United States who ean tell what he pays toward the support of the national government. Impressed with this faet, whieh all intelligent eitizens ought to know and all the people must sooner or later learn, the tariff is doubtless destined to undergo eonstant and numerous revisions by Congress in the impossible effort to equalize all its burdens and benefits.

Our National Convention wisely justifies tariff as a defensive measure, whieh practically can but mean Reeiproeity.

In a country of such vast and varied resources as ours, such a tariff system could not fail to yield a very considerable revenue.

A further provision of the platform contains a measure of revenue of such transcendent importance as to commend itself to the favor of all classes and especially the masses, in these words: "The residue of means necessary to an economical administration of the Government should be raised by levying a burden on what the people possess instead of upon what they consume."

The platform fairly and, as I think with great wisdom, embraces the policy of laying the burden of public revenue where it justly belongs and precisely where the ability lies to pay, namely, "on what the people possess; in other words, on their wealth—the value of which will generally be measured in dollars by the revenue or net income it yields to the possessor.

An income tax can do no injustice, work no opposition; for where there is no income there will be nothing to pay; the rich will pay most and the poor least or nothing. This mode of revenue is no experiment in this country. During the great rebellion, when every source of revenue was strained to sustain the armies of the Union an income tax was resorted to and it worked like a charm.

It helped then to save the Union and will help to save the nation now in another rebellion—the classes against the masses.

Some men, of course, will always try to evade the payment of their just taxes. But no honest man, I think, can ever make any reasonable objection to a well regulated income tax.

The effect of this mode of raising national revenue cannot fail to be beneficent. It will relieve the poor without oppressing the rich. Perhaps no other measure possible to be devised will work greater reform or give greater impetus to general prosperity than a wisely regulated income tax. One of its results would be to favor the equal distribution of wealth; it would go far to heal the growing discord between labor and capital.

A further important effect to flow from a revenue system based on "What the people possess instead of upon what they consume" would be that it would at once become the interest of all, rich and poor alike, to align themselves on the side of the strictest economy in all branches of the public service.

There is perhaps no one issue in all the broad array of Prohibition principles embraced in our national platform of more vital concern to the material prosperity of our whole country, than that of transportation. Hence we declare in favor of government control of "Railroad, telegraph and other public corporations", in the interest of all the people. If railways cannot otherwise be so

controlled, then it becomes the imperative duty of government to acquire and exercise absolute ownership, especially of the great trunk lines, for we mean practical and efficient control—nothing less.

So essential is this instrumentality to our national life and prosperity in this stage of rapid transit, that whatever powers own and control the railways of the United States, intimately associated as they are with other great monopolistic interests, will have it within their sway virtually to own and control the government.

It is well known that railways and their natural affiliations (the great moneyed and other corporate powers) have already a most dangerous influence in all elections and in every department of the government. They are absolutely corrupting. We boast that ours is the freest and best government, and so it is.

But the question comes home to every thoughtful mind: Is it safe for the people to surrender their rights into the hands of great corporations?

The transportation question has and will ever have an important effect in adding strength to the bonds of the national union, by multiplying the facilities for travel and the commingling of the people of all sections, thereby dissipating prejudices, forming and connecting friendships, unifying the people in language. in national spirit and love of country through the constant medium of more intimate social and business relations.

For these considerations, transportation must be controlled—owned if necessary—by the government of the United States.

The general diffusion of morality and intelligence is essential to the preservation of the rights and liberties of the people. One State constitution has it in these words:

"A general diffusion of knowledge and intelligence being essential to the preservation of the rights and liberties of the people, the Legislature shall encourage by all suitable means the promotion of intellectual, scientific, moral and agricultural improvement."

Another State constitution has the same declaration thus: "Knowledge and learning, generally diffused throughout the community, being essential to the preservation of a free government, it shall be the duty of the General Assembly to encourage by all suitable means, moral, intellectual, scientific and agricultural improvement."

We have, therefore, ample reason for the conclusion that this free popular government—this mighty empire of sovereign States can only be preserved on the basis of morality and intelligence.

The demand is therefore imperative that ample means of education upon such basis be provided at the public expense and placed within the reach of every child in the nation.

The transcendent importance of the common school cannot be too firmly emphasized.

Our National Convention has therefore wisely made prominent in its platform the American public school, which should be, if possible, the most prevalent and conspicuous object in the nation. Over it the flag of freedom should ever be unfurled, for it should be a school of patriotism as well as of intelligence and morality. The teachings of the American public school should be in accord with American ideas—with American civilization, which, of course, is a Christian civilization; but they must be strictly—absolutely—nonsectarian. The standard of morality must accord with our civilization and pervade all the books and teachings of the public school—which must not in any phase be a school of immorality.

Complaint has been made from sources that American public schools are godless and immoral and, therefore, not good enough to suit some people. The remedy is, to make them good enough. Place them on a high moral standard. Eliminate from the public school every feature that has the slightest tendency to immorality; ever bearing in mind that under our form of government the conditions essential to our existence as a nation make it imperative that all public schools be free from every sectarian influence.

In the interest of national unity there should be a national language—and that of course the English.

No other should be the language of the public school. A knowledge of the national language so far as to read and write the same fairly well, should, in addition to good moral character, be made a condition of naturalization and the inestimable right of suffrage.

Taking our rank as we do foremost among Christian nations, we ought not as a nation to ignore the Christian Sabbath.

The closing of the World's Fair on Sunday is important to show to the world America's rank among the nations.

This magnificent republic, with an area equal to that of all Europe; with a population already of nearly sixty-five millions; with industries and resources vast, varied and almost limitless; and with more than a century of unexampled prosperity and remarkable history, and destined in the providence of God, as we believe, to become the leading power of the world, is even yet regarded by other nations as in the experimental stage. The enemies of free government still predict and doubtless hope to see

Ameriea's downfall. Ameriea was never more on trial than it is today.

Dangers are ever present. The eyes of the world are upon us to see whether or not Ameriea possesses in a measure equal to or greater than monarehies the elements of strength and perpetuity to earry our government through all present and possible emergeneies.

The same wisdom and patriotism that laid the foundation will be required to preserve the temple of liberty. Our foes are more numerous than at the beginning and our dangers are multiplied. Eternal vigilanee was never more neeessary. The important question of the hour is: How ean this Republie be tided over all the dangers that threaten and be preserved to bless the world?

The far-seeing patriot makes answer: Banish aleohol, and make the nation sober. Make the people intelligent, moral and law-abiding.

Control all monopolies in the interest of the people. Banish anarehy, punish all erimes, suppress all lawless eombinations. Restriet foreign immigration. Rest the right of suffrage and eitizenship on the sure basis of morality and intelligenee.

Teach all ehildren in the Ameriean publie sehool the saeredness of the ballot, of obedienee to law, of willing submission to rightful authority, and the settlement of differenees between men by arbitration.

That all great national questions must be settled and all dangers averted and all needful reforms aehieved by the same saered prineiple of unreserved aequieseence in the majority rule. Majorities make the laws. Majorities repeal them.

We fondly believe ours to be the best government the world has seen. On the prineiple stated of adhering saeredly to obedienee to law and the arbitrament of all questions to majorities there ean be no reason why our free popular government may not, under the blessing of God, endure till the elose of time. The prineiple is of sueh vital moment that we eannot begin too soon to make it a feature in this eurrieulum in all the Ameriean publie sehools.

Making this the inflexible rule of our faith and praetiee, this proud republie, with all its vast eoneerns, may be easily held together by the bonds of eommon interest, even were our boundaries enlarged and our population and all our national affairs indefinitely multiplied.

The prineiples of our Prohibition platform as far as I have been able to refer to them are ample to show that they eover as entirely as ought to be desired in a brief outline of party policy, many if not

the most of the prominent problems pressing for solution at the present hour.

Our platform warrants unyielding opposition to all speculations in margins, to "the cornering of grain, money and products," to "pools, trusts," etc., and by implication to lotteries and all other modes of gambling, public and private.

But further allusion to our principles is not necessary. We cover a wider field than any other political party. We claim that ours is the only party that promises anything whatever in the line of real reform.

In 1776 we needed immigration. The complaint against England was that immigration had been obstructed. But times have changed. We make no war against foreigners as such. This is a world of competition. Every nation is competing with all other nations. Some are favored nations. Ours is one. All the world has been and still is coming to us.

But we must now begin to close the doors in self-defense. We do not want the world faster than we can Americanize the world. We have already quite enough of imported nihilism, anarchism and pauperism.

We do not ask foreigners coming to this land of freedom to change their faith. We do not propose to Protestantize or Romanize or in any manner sectarianize them. But we do insist that they shall not destroy our liberties by any attempt to foreignize, or anarchize us or our government; that they should appreciate our liberties and privileges; that as a condition of citizenship they should learn to speak our national language and to read and write it fairly well.

Our safety and all our future demands that our government shall never in any manner become denominational or sectional.

Unfortunately at present labor in this country is divided against itself. Banish the saloon, restrict immigration, and relief will soon follow.

Prohibition is the greatest friend of labor. No other can achieve in full measure entire relief. We propose to make labor moral, intelligent and united in the common prosperity.

To save and perpetuate this nation our hope is in the masses—in the labor—and not monopolies.

Wealth is boundless in its ambition to gain wealth, and would if it could monopolize the very earth. Therefore, we say the hope of this nation is in the many and not the few—the many are they who labor.

Our appeal is to the good and intelligent voters of all political parties.

Religious denominations are all invited to unite in conquering our country for temperance. They can vie with each other in beneficent rivalry. Their field is our whole country and the world. We appeal to the courageous young manhood of the nation before it casts its first ballot, and to the older and veteran voters before they cast their latest—and perhaps their last vote—to vote against the saloon; that is to say, vote with the Prohibition party, for that is the only political party that dares oppose the liquor power.

JOHN BIDWELL.

PRESS COMMENTS.

Politically, a Christian man is at his worst in a whiskey party.—Western Leader.

A fine old fellow of splendid character, [Bidwell].—Dayton, Ohio, Journal (Rep).

Bidwell and Cranfill is the handsomest ticket in the field.—San Francisco Evening Bulletin.

Deserves full credit for his consistency and self-sacrifice, [Bidwell].—Brooklyn Times (Rep).

A broad enough platform for any true American to stand on.—Providence Independent Citizen.

An estimable gentleman of high standing and wide experience, [Bidwell].—The Review of Reviews (Ind).

A good, true man. He would sooner die than do a dishonest act, [Bidwell].—Salt Lake City Tribune (Rep).

Better vote for what you want and not get it, than to vote for what you don't want and get it.—New Republic.

Take all the planks in all the political parties, save that of Prohibition, and the basis is dollars and cents.—Redlands, Cal., Facts.

The men who make the best kind of Prohibitionists are those who would rather be right than vote for a winning President.—Outlook.

Those who know General Bidwell, of California, unite in hearty expressions as to his excellence as a man and citizen.—Chicago Inter-Ocean (Rep).

The Prohibitionists went West and South for their ticket. They are not sectional, and the party is not dominated by Wall street.—Mississippi Leader (Pro).

General Bidwell as a man deserves all his popularity, however much we may think him mistaken in espousing the Prohibitionists. Palermo, Cal., Progress (Dem).

He [Bidwell] bears an unspotted reputation, and has endeared himself to all classes by his intrepid character and his broad benevolence.—San Francisco Daily Examiner (Dem).

A thoughtful and upright man, a good political manager, an old soldier with a fine record, a generous philanthropist, and patriarch in appearance, [Bidwell].—New York Sun (Dem).

A nation can never rise higher in morals or intelligence than its homes. Whatever corrupts the home corrupts the ruler. America should banish the drink traffic in self defence.—The People (Pro).

As the campaign progresses in Iowa the fact becomes clearer that the Republican Party of that State did the wisest thing of its life when it dropped Prohibition.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat (Rep).

He [Bidwell] is a man competent to fill the high office for which he is nominated, and his name is revered by all Californians. * * * He is a man of character, history, brains and principle.—Toledo, Ohio, Bee (Dem).

Bidwell, the Prohibition candidate, has been formally notified. And we can say for Bidwell what we are unable to say for others who have also been notified. He came out of the ordeal sober.—New York Morning Advertiser.

He [Bidwell] is far from being a crank. He is a man of broad, sound intellect, is thoroughly posted upon the topics of the times, is an entertaining public speaker, and an interesting contributor to the press.—New York World (Dem).

The $20,000 Prohibition campaign fund, subscribed by the delegates to the Cincinnati Convention, shows that there are more willing to give than to receive. This is where they differ from the average delegates.—Boston Herald (Ind).

The national platform of the Prohibitionists, outside of the prohibition plank, is a great surprise. In fact it is one of the most striking marks of the progress of political intelligence that has recently been presented.—New York Nation.

Bears an unblemished character, and has a kind and benevolent nature, which he had displayed in many ways. He has always been a public-spirited citizen who has commanded universal respect and esteem, [Bidwell].—San Francisco Daily Chronicle (Rep).

Bidwell, according to Republican papers, was a great sinner. It is important to notice that every sin they enumerate was committed while he was a Republican. When he unclasped his old party shackles he became a mighty good man. His acts show that. —The Patriot (Pro).

The growth of sentiment throughout the nation in favor of the complete suppression of the liquor traffic, is one of the marvels of the age. The public press no longer hurls jeers or taunts at the movement working for the national prohibition of the traffic.—Buffalo Christian Advocate.

"God bless my boy", you pray at the altar; then at the ballot box you say, "I give my boy up to be damned that my party may be saved." In God's eyes that Democratic or Republican father is under the spell of a devilish spirit. Judgment day has a terrible dose in store for him.—The Issue.

The Prohibitionist Party has put up Dr. J. B. Cranfill for Vice-President. Well, they can't say that Cranfill is a rat, that's very certain. He is a great, big, all-of-out-of-doors good fellow, who is going to follow the right as he sees it, regardless of personal consequences.—Belton, Texas, Journal (Dem).

The temperance plank in the Republican platform might have been adopted with perfect propriety by any Liquor Dealers' Association. It meets the approval of the trade. If our temperance reformers doubt the accuracy of our statement let them canvass the liquor dealers.—New York Wine and Spirit Gazette.

The nomination of J. B. Cranfill, of Texas, by the Prohibitionists, as their candidate for the Vice-Presidency, was a compliment to a most worthy man and a competent worker in the temperance effort. Their ticket is now Bidwell and Cranfill, and a very strong ticket it is.—"Brick" Pomeroy's Advance Thought.

Tall and erect in spite of his three score and ten years, sincere in his opinions, with fine, clear-cut features and a flowing beard, popular at home and abroad, the Prohibitionists have decidedly selected an excellent candidate, whose main or only drawback is the fact that he is a multimillionaire.—Rural New Yorker.

While the Prohibitionists have accomplished practically nothing as a national party, it is doubtless true, as the Philadelphia Ledger says, that many recent "reforms in connection with the liquor traffic, though not directly accomplished by them, were certainly largely influenced by them."—Indianapolis, Indiana, News.

The Prohibitionists, unlike many "third party" men, are not trying to break into any other party, or win any other political advantage. They sacrifice whatever political influence they might otherwise wield for the sake of consistency in the advocacy of principle. Devotion of that kind is worthy of respect.—New York World (Dem).

So far as we know, Commander Ballington Booth, of the Salvation Army in America, has never before declared publicly his adhesion and that of the members of the Salvation Army to the Prohibition party. But he did so last Thursday evening, in a speech before a large audience in Prohibition Park, with an emphasis that delighted his hearers.—New York Voice.

One of the developments of this campaign which is going to startle everybody will be the number of saloon-keepers who are now talking and will be found working and voting for Republican candidates and high license. Ask the owner of a first-class saloon in this city if he favors high license, and he will give you good business reasons why he should do so.—New York Tribune.

It is a very significant fact, however, that these lies have emanated outside of California, and the further away the lie is given currency, the more heinous become the charges, whilst the papers of all political faiths on this coast, where the General is known and loved, all unite in praise of his consistent, sterling qualities, as a candidate and a citizen.—California Prohibitionist.

The nomination of Dr. J. B. Cranfill, of Waco, on the Prohibition ticket for Vice-President, is a compliment to Waco and to Texas, and is appreciated by everybody without regard to political affiliation. Dr. Cranfill is an able man and whether he succeeds in "pulverizing the rum power" or not, he will give it some of the hardest blows it ever had. 'Rah for Cranfill!—Dallas, Texas, News (Dem).

The Prohibition party has in its ranks some of the most earnest and intelligent men in the country; it is doing a most valuable educational work; in spite of its mistakes it has shown its ability to command votes; in some States it holds the balance of power, and it has converted many thousands of men in the older parties to the acceptance of its fundamental principle of prohibition.—Watchman, Boston.

They will poll a larger vote than their party has ever cast before. They represent a principle in which a large portion of the people of Iowa firmly believe, and if they were successful in the

nation it would be a great deal easier for Iowa to keep its colors flying on the same line. Nothing would help the cause in Iowa more than a large vote for Bidwell and Cranfill in the country at large.—Des Moines News (Ind).

The Prohibition Convention at Cincinnati last week was significant by reason of the light it threw upon the growth of public sentiment on other issues than that of temperance. Altogther the convention gave evidence that it regarded the temperance question merely as the first of labor questions. This is certainly the spirit of the old abolitionists who were on the side of the disinherited all along the line.—New York Christian Union.

The corrupt and imbecile platform-makers and bosses of the Republican Party will lose half a million votes by their cowardice on the public school question. There is no doubt but that this number of good and honest men who have always been in the Republican ranks will desert the party and go over to the Prohibitionists, simply because these latter are true to American principles. —The American Citizen, Boston, Massachusetts.

It was claimed by many good temperance Republicans four years ago, that the Republican party was in favor of the overthrow of the saloon power, and in proof of it pointed to the resolution of cordial sympathy with all wise and well directed efforts for temperance and morality. In three years of Republican cordial sympathy rule the number of saloons has increased from 171,369 to 240,797. Is there any hope in continuing such a policy?—Northwestern Mail.

The Prohibitionists are numerous enough to be taken into serious account in any political calculations. They believe they are right and have the courage to stand by their principles, and that is certainly commendable. That they commenced small is no fault, for other and more successful parties have had equally small beginnings. Their growth has been by no means as rapid as they expected, but though disappointed they are not disheartened.—New York Sun (Dem).

There is one plank in the Prohibition platform to which all patriotic Americans ought enthusiastically subscribe, and that is the one which takes an unequivocal stand "for the American public school" and against "any appropriation of public money for sectarian schools," and declares that "only by united support of such common schools, taught in the English language, can we hope to become and remain a homogeneous and harmonious people."—Columbus Dispatch (Ind).

A Colorado paper that seldom permits itself to be hampered by facts states that General Bidwell, the Prohibition candidate for President, keeps in stock rare old wines from his own vineyard. In the interest of truth, which, though mighty, occasionally needs aid, the attention of the paper in question is called to the circumstance, heretofore related, that the Bidwell vines have been torn up by the roots because their product could be turned into a beverage.—San Francisco Examiner (Dem).

Since its formation the traffic has been very commonly by the acts of the legislatures of nearly all the States materially restricted and regulated, and it is due to the Prohibition party to say that the fear of its growing influence acting upon the regular parties was the cause of the passage of high license laws by several States. It can scarcely be questioned that the passage of the admirable high license law of Pennsylvania was secured not directly by the Prohibitionists, who opposed it, but indirectly by them.—Philadelphia Ledger (Rep).

A million votes for Bidwell will not make him President, but it will be fair notice that the manufacture of intoxicating liquors is not a safe business to invest money in, and the capitalist will be quick to see the danger, and get his money out if he can. No shrew business man will want to put his money into a distillery in the face of a million Prohibition votes. Thus Prohibition, with a party behind it, will begin to prohibit even before it elects an officer. Don't you want to be one of the million to serve notice on the pauper factories?—California Voice (Pro).

The Prohibition ticket nominated at Cincinnati the other day will not get as far along as the White House and the chair of the Senate, but has a place of its own in current political history all the same. Not only are both candidates from the sunset side of the Mississippi, but the ticket crosses the old sectional line in a way to fill politicians of the Harrison Force Bill school with disgust. General John Bidwell of California for President and J. B. Cranfill of Texas are a little too dry to catch the floating vote, but as typifying the passing of the Civil war era in our politics they make an exceedingly interesting combination.—St. Louis Republic (Dem).

General Bidwell and his friends are fortified in their purposes by the reflection that no great reform was ever accomplished until after a pioneer party of extremists had perished in trying to promote it. They are resolved to adhere to their flag until the rest of the country is educated up to their standard. No good man will

deny them the right of emulating the early martyrs. Their aspiration is noble. And though it may pass into the long list of utopian projects which were designed to benefit mankind but failed through the obduracy of a stiff-necked generation, the brave men who bore the banner of a hopeless cause will always be objects of respect and admiration.—San Francisco Examiner (Dem).

The editor of The New Era happens to know both the nominees. * * * From all their ranks the Prohibitionists could not possibly have selected better men. Able, respected, practical and earnest, their nomination will do more to bring up the party in the respect of the nation than anything it has done for years. Such men belie the reputation that the party has heretofore borne as a set of hair-brained, unpractical enthusiasts or dissatisfied "sore-heads" from other parties. The editor of The New Era thinks that the Prohibition Party is an unpractical and an unnecessary organization, but he is glad to have an opportunity to pay this tribute to two worthy men.—The New Era, Greensburg, Indiana.

Just what will be the outcome of the drunkenness investigation in the House of Representatives we do not know, but if the committee does not report and the house does not pass a resolution utterly abolishing the bar in the Capitol, both will be utterly amiss in plain duty. It may be that out and out drunkenness on the floor of the House is the exception rather than the rule, but that there are social drinking customs which unfit members for duty no one who knows anything about it for a moment doubts. Drunken legislators and tippling statesmen are a disgrace to the nation, and if they will get drunk, and if they will tipple, let the nation wash its hands of it by abolishing the Capitol saloon, for it deserves no other name.—Boston Traveller.

It is commonly conceded that the Prohibitionists are the most zealous people in politics. Year after year they rally, as fresh and determined as ever, and hammer away at the "rum power." Every four years they meet in national convention, put a presidential ticket in the field, and wage an earnest campaign over all the country. The enthusiastic leaders are without hope of reward, and no member of the party has an office of any consequence in sight, or at least within reach. All Prohibition workers realize the hopelessness of the cause which they are engaged in promoting, so far as possession of the offices is concerned. They get credit from the public for devotion to principle. Undoubtedly they strive to secure what is regarded as an essential reform.—Cincinnati Times-Star (Rep).

What eoncerns us now is this: What will be the probable Prohibition vote at the next Presidential election? It is elaimed that its vote will be again about doubled, and there are signs whieh indicate that this may be true. The disposition of many voters toward the party during the last four years has ehanged. Now, whenever dissatisfaetion exists among the rank and file of the old political parties, a largely inereased Prohibition vote is east. The Prohibition Party advaneed a great deal when it gained the respeet and beeame the seeond ehoice of so many thinking eitizens. Whilst we do not believe in a National Prohibition Party, and are opposed to sueh a movement, outside of State lines, yet we are eompelled to eoncede the greal possibilities in favor of the new movement.—Record of the Times, Tarrytown.

Of all the parties the Prohibition party is the only one that has risen to the demands of the day, and by its eandidate and platform made itself worthy of eonfidenee. Taking advaneed, yet none too radieal grounds on the financial and transportation question it also stands fairly and squarely on the prohibition of the liquor traffie, an evil beside whieh the monopolies, trusts and the like dwindle into insignificance. These latter evils thrive by and through the purehasable saloon vote, and only by the overthrow of this great evil ean other evils be reaehed. The voters may not now see it; may not indeed see it in this eampaign, but the time is hastening when they will realize that is a fruitless task to remedy effects and still leave the great cause unimpaired and unseoteh‌ed. The eontest against monopoly eannot succeed until the great tool of monopoly—the legalized liquor traffic—is prohibited and suppressed.—Elkhorn, Ind., Blade.

The Nominating Convention of the Prohibition Party assembled last week in Cineinnati and put in nomination for President of the United States, General John Bidwell, of California, and for Viee-President, J. B. Cranfill. General Bidwell is a man of wealth, of much ability, and a giant in physieal stature. . . . Dispateh‌es say that one of the nominating speeehes declared he would stand eighteen ineh‌es higher than Grover Cleveland. The adoption of the platform eaused eonsiderable debate, during whieh there were various interesting and some dramatic scenes. The platform expresses opinions upon many subjects, but a resolution, whieh was first defeated, was afterward passed making Prohibition a test of party fealty. Whatever excitement attended the eonvention, we have not seen the charge that many or any of the delegates were intoxieated by anything they drank, or that on aeeount of its

meeting new mammoth bars had to be erected, or that trains and express wagons were overloaded with spirituous and malt liquors. —New York Christian Advocate, July 7.

The ownership of such a magnificent estate has exposed General Bidwell to criticism as a "land monopolist." But it is only justice to him to say that of late years he has subdivided a portion of the ranch adjoining the town, and has placed the subdivisions on the market at moderate prices. The General is a thorough farmer, and it is his boast that he produces everything on his ranch that is usually found on his dinner table, with the exception of salt and pepper. He has hundreds of acres in orchard, a flour mill and a cannery. Many years ago he had a vineyard of wine grapes, but becoming a convert to the doctrine of total abstinence he caused the vines to be destroyed. The act was characteristic of the old gentleman's conscientiousness, which is above suspicion. His word is regarded as absolutely trustworthy, and he is beyond question sincere and earnest. The Prohibitionists could find no more creditable candidate.—Los Angeles Express (Rep).

The convention held in Cincinnati has done much to renew confidence in the wisdom, integrity and political intelligence of the party. One could not but be impressed, on looking over the convention, with the presence of large numbers of men of responsibility and importance in their own communities who were there without any chance to distinguish themselves, for they are not speakers; without any thoughts of office, for it is not yet near enough to the party to be a strong magnet; without any desire for a high old time, for the hotel barkeepers were the lonesomest men in Cincinnati that week. There were farmers and mechanics there who had come over 2000 miles at a personal expense of over $100, without the expectation of being able to say a word on the floor of the convention, or to secure a single emolument in the way of office. The truth is that if one looks now-a-days to find the real representatives of the *people*, those who are the home-builders and community-builders of America, those who represent the real heart and conscience and thought of the millions who are not "in politics" in the professional sense of the phrase, he will not find them in the old-party conventions, but in the Prohibition party's convention, drawn there by a great moral issue. This is not an idle boast; it is the simple truth.—New York Voice (Pro).

It is fashionable to sneer at the Prohibitionists, and to write them down as a set of cranks and fanatics. But the man who carefully reads the proceedings of the Cincinnati Convention and

reflects upon what was done there, will not feel like sneering. The convention, as well as its platform and candidates is deserving of respect at every point. For the first time in the history of the Prohibition party there has been a comprehensive recognition of the great questions at stake in our national politics. Prohibition of the liquor traffic is still the chief issue, but there are besides clean-cut declarations on the tariff, the currency, the restriction of trusts, government control of natural monopolies, on immigration, and similar subjects. There is an air of statesmanship in the platform, which, if we mistake not, will challenge the attention of voters. The Prohibition party must now be accredited with something besides honest intentions and courage of conviction. It has taken on political method and the views of statesmen. It has made a bold and united appeal to the voters of the nation upon questions of vital interest. There may be a difference of opinion as to the governmental policy suggested by the Prohibition party, but there can be none as to its breadth of view, to its succinct statements, and to its catalogue of popular moral, political and financial principles. The candidates named by the convention are men of character and reputation. They have been consistent advocates of prohibition doctrines, and they are worthy representatives of a political organization which is neither without prestige nor power. In past national elections the Prohibitionists have cut but a sorry figure, and yet for twenty years the party has been before the nation, growing slowly but surely all the time. Who knows but that in the political disaffection which agitates the ranks of the older organizations, the Prohibition party has now a chance little dreamed of? At all events, the party which has issued a platform and named candidates at Cincinnati will bear watching in the campaign about to begin.—Baltimore Herald (Ind).